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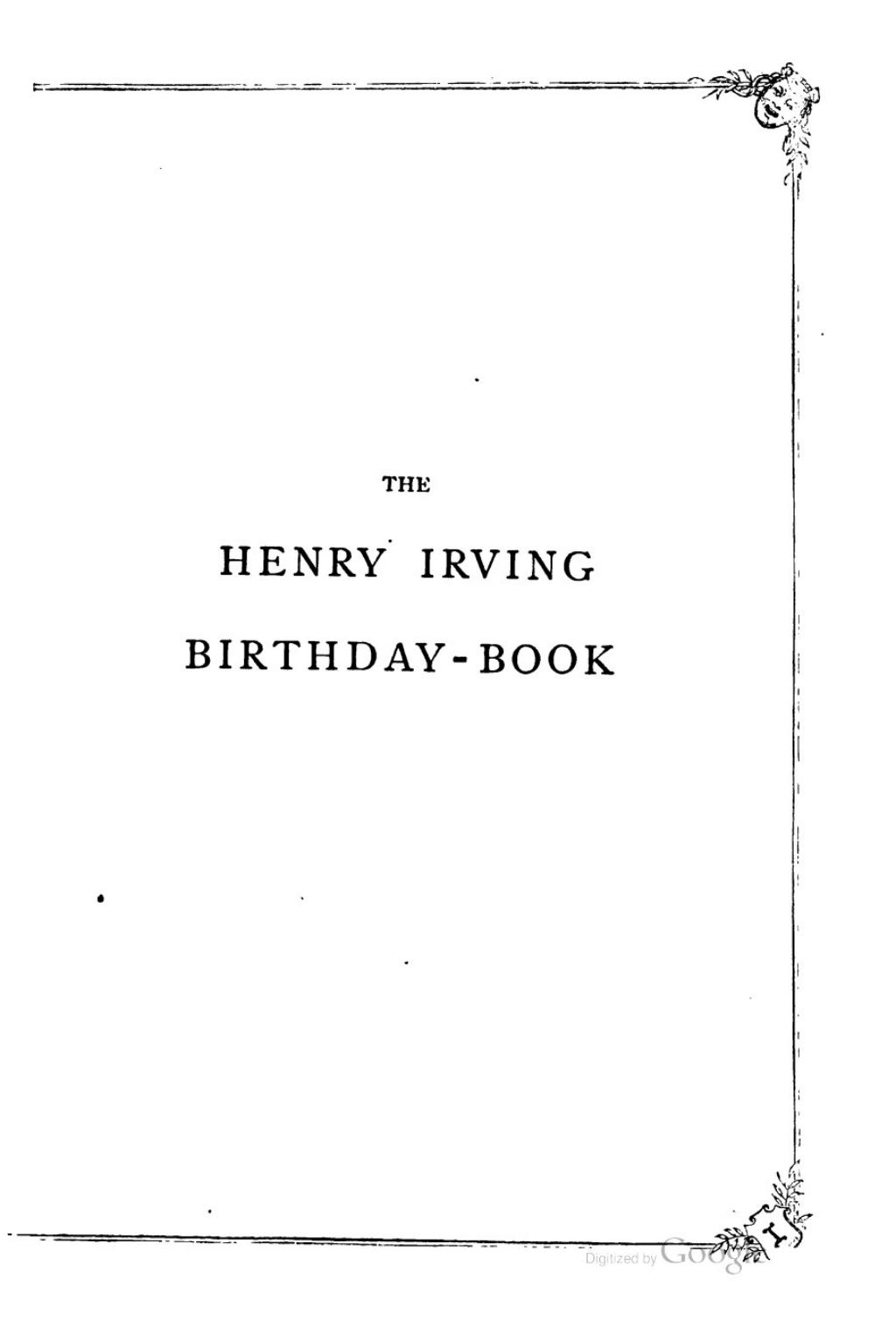
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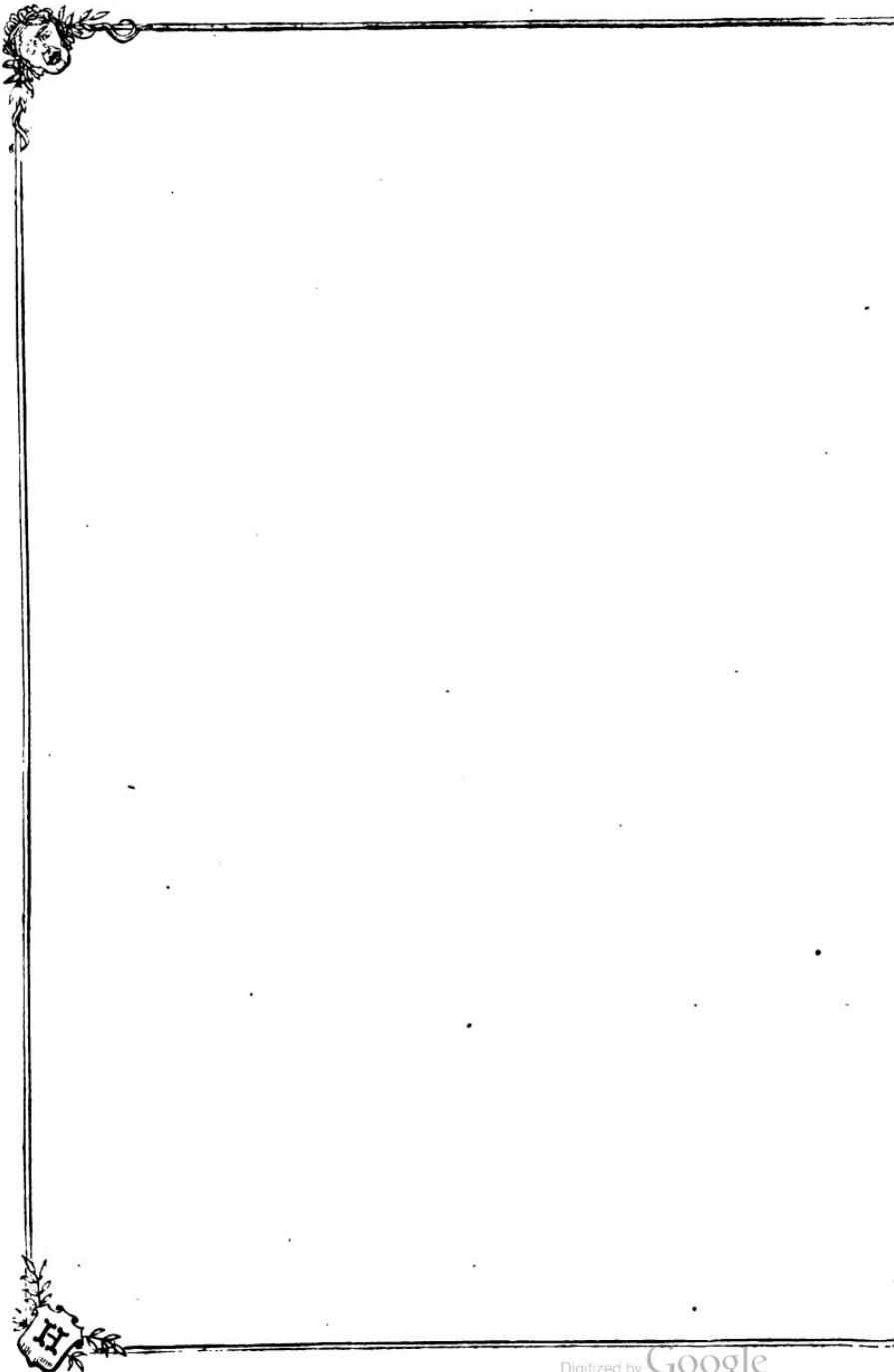
The HENRY IRVING
BIRTHDAY BOOK

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THE
HENRY IRVING
BIRTHDAY-BOOK





MR. IRVING AS HAMLET.
(From Mr. Edwin Long's portrait.)

HAMLET.—
“The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.”

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene x.

To face page 210.

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THE
HENRY IRVING
BIRTHDAY BOOK

COMPOSED OF

QUOTATIONS FROM SOME OF THE CHARACTERS
WHICH MR. IRVING HAS ACTED, ETC.

COMPILED BY

VIOLA STIRLING



LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
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1883

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LIST OF PARTS, &c., FROM WHICH THE QUOTATIONS ARE TAKEN.

PART.	PLAY.	AUTHOR OR ADAPTOR.	DATE OF FIRST APPEARANCE.
Doricourt	"The Belle's Stratagem"	MRS. COWLEY	Oct. 6th, 1866.
Scudamore	"Hunted Down"	DION BOUCICAULT	Nov., 1866.
Harry Dornton	"The Road to Ruin"	T. HOLCROFT	Feb. 9th, 1867.
Count Falcon	"Idalia"	G. ROBERTS (Ad.)	April 22nd, 1867.
Joseph Surface	"School for Scandal"	R. B. SHERIDAN	
Ferment	"School of Reform"	THOMAS MORTON	
Bob Gassitt	"Dearer than Life"	H. J. BYRON	Jan. 8th, 1868.
Redburn	"The Lancashire Lass"	Ad. from C. DICKENS	July 24th, 1868.
Bill Sykes	"Oliver Twist"	CHAS. SELBY	
Macaire	"Robert Macaire"	WATTS PHILLIPS	Feb. 22nd, 1869.
Robert Arnold	"Not Guilty"	TOM TAYLOR (Ad.)	March 19th, 1869.
De Newville	"Plot and Passion"	O. GOLDSMITH	
Young Marlow	"She Stoops to Conquer"	R. B. SHERIDAN	
Captain Absolute	"The Rivals"	SHAKESPEARE	
Charles Surface	"School for Scandal"	H. J. BYRON	
Petruchio	"Taming of the Shrew"	J. L. ALBERY	Dec. 13th, 1869.
Chevenix	"Uncle Dick's Darling"	J. L. ALBERY (Ad.)	June 4th, 1870.
Digby Grant	"Two Roses"	LEOPOLD LEWIS (Ad.)	Oct. 23rd, 1871.
Jingle	"Jingle"	JAMES KENNEY	Nov. 20th, 1871.
Mathias	"The Bells"	W. G. WILLS	April 1st, 1872.
Jeremy Diddler	"Raising the Wind"	""	Sept. 28th, 1872.
Charles I.	"Charles I."	LORD LYTTON	April 1873.
Engene Aram	"The Fate of Eugene Aram"	HAMILTON AIDE	Sept. 27th, 1873
Richelieu	"Richelieu"	SHAKESPEARE	Feb. 7th, 1874.
Philip	"Philip"	""	Oct. 31st, 1874.
Hamlet	"Hamlet"	""	Sept. 25th, 1875.
Macbeth	"Macbeth"	""	Feb. 14th, 1876.
Othello	"Othello"	A. TENNYSON	April 18th, 1876.
Philip of Spain	"Queen Mary"	SHAKESPEARE	Jan. 29th, 1877.
Gloucester	"King Richard III."	CHAS. READE (Ad.)	May, 1877.
Lesurques & Dubosc	"The Lyons Mail"	D. BOUCICAULT (Ad.)	March 9th, 1878.
Louis XI.	"Louis XI."	W. G. WILLS and P. FITZGERALD	June 8th, 1878.
Philip Vanderdecken	"Vanderdecken"	LORD LYTTON	April 17th, 1879.
Claude Melnotte	"The Lady of Lyons"	G. COLMAN, jun.	Sept. 27th, 1879.
Sir E. Mortimer	"The Iron Chest"	SHAKESPEARE	Nov. 1st, 1879.
Skylock	"The Merchant of Venice"	W. G. WILLS (Ad.)	May 20th, 1880.
Count Tristan	"Iolanthe"	D. BOUCICAULT (Ad.)	Sept. 18th, 1880.
Fabien and Louis dei Franchi	"Corsican Brothers"	A. TENNYSON	Jan. 3rd, 1881.
Synoxix	"The Cup"	SHAKESPEARE	May 2nd, 1881.
Iago	"Othello"	SHERIDAN KNOWLES	July 23rd, 1881.
Modus	"The Hunchback"	SHAKESPEARE	March 8th, 1882.
Romeo	"Romeo and Juliet"	""	Oct. 11th, 1882.
Benedick	"Much Ado About Nothing"		

Quotations are also taken from the following poems, &c.:—

- "The Dream of Eugene Aram" By THOMAS HOOD.
- "The Uncle" By H. G. BELL.
- "David Copperfield," chapter v. By CHARLES DICKENS.
- "The Feast of Belshazzar" By EDWIN ARNOLD.
- "The Stage As It Is" By HENRY IRVING.

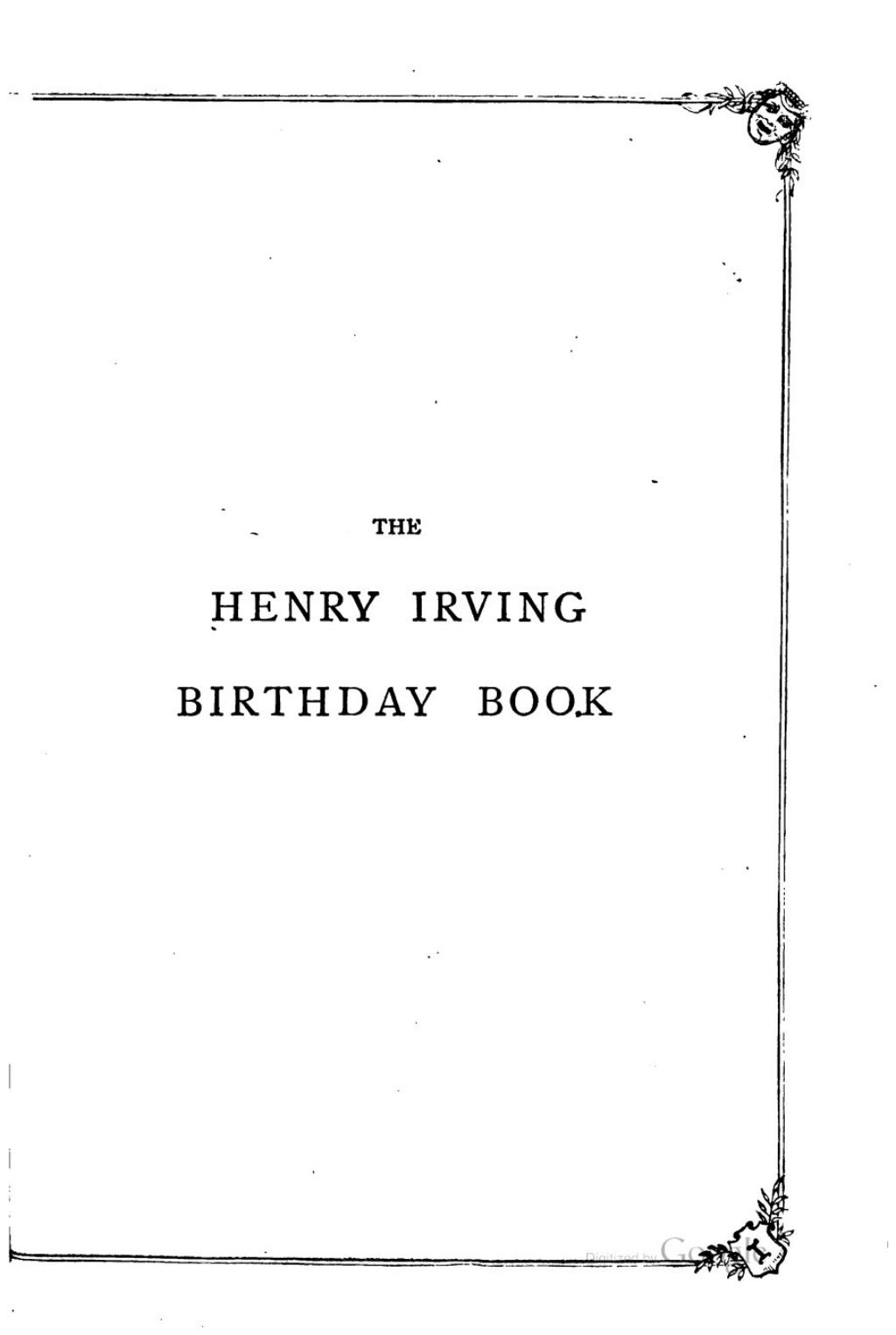
A few of Mr. Irving's Speeches.



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THE
HENRY IRVING
BIRTHDAY BOOK

JANUARY 1st.

Macbeth.— Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Macbeth, Act i., Scene 4.

Hamlet.—And therefore, as a stranger give it welcome.
Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

Macbeth.—Come love and health to all.
Macbeth, Act iii., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—Oh, what glorious prophets of the future are youth
and hope !
The Lady of Lyons, Act i., Scene 3.

JANUARY 2nd.

Harry Dornton.—You are now in tribulation ; what of that ?
Why, man, the blessed sun himself is sometimes under a cloud !
Wait but till to-morrow. *The Road to Ruin*, Act iv., Scene 2.

Romeo.—Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell ; thou can'st not teach me to forget.
Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 1.

JANUARY 3rd.

MR. IRVING first played SYNORIX (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1880).

Synorix.— She hath escaped me.
He saved my life—it seemed so. Did he ? Dead.
Why did I strike him ? Having proof enough
Against the man, I surely should have left
This stroke to Rome. I have played the sudden fool.
That, too, sets her against me, for the moment—for the moment
—Well, well, I never found the woman
I could not force or wheedle to my will.

The Cup, Act i., Scene 3.

JANUARY 4th.

Hamlet.— What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 1.

Charles Surface.—When a man wants money, where the plague
should he get assistance if he cannot make free with his own
relations?

The School for Scandal, Act iii., Scene 3.

JANUARY 5th.

Hamlet.—I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself
a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Philip.—Has she a heart? Yes—I will never doubt *that!* We
only see the heart of common roses—those of richest fragrance,
hide their scent.

Philip, Act i., Scene 1.

JANUARY 6th.

Melnotte.—I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how love, like death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. *The Lady of Lyons*, Act iii., Scene 2.

Macbeth.—Blow, wind! come, rack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Macbeth, Act v., Scene 5.

JANUARY 7th.

Iago.—Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Young Marlow.—I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.

JANUARY 8th.

MR. IRVING first played BOB GASSITT (QUEEN'S THEATRE, 1868).

Bob Gassitt.—I am not such a bad fellow. I would go through fire and water for you. . . . Give a fellow a bit of a chance—just a little, least bit. . . . Is there nothing that I can do to make you look more favourably on me? I am not going to give it up so easily.

Dearer than Life, Act iii.

Romeo.—I would I were thy bird.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.

JANUARY 9th.

Vanderdecken.—Eternal loneliness, eternal silence,—and in that awful silence the worm of memory gnawing in my heart, anguish of thought within my brain—sleepless, intense. Just hope enough to keep despair awake; but when the hurricane is loosed, crushing the sea to angry white . . . and seamen quail—then do I rise upon my phantom deck, tranced at the helm, fatal decoy to wreck and disaster.

Vanderdecken, Act iv., Scene 2.



JANUARY 10th.

Young Marlow.—The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned the assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn; in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.

Hamlet.—The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

JANUARY 11th.

Redburn.—Ah! Revenge and hate? Two powerful incentives to evil, in the female breast. I hope neither of those pleasant passions is directed against me!

The Lancashire Lass, Prologue.

Romeo.—How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word “banished?”

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 3.

JANUARY 12th.

Hamlet.—It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 2.

Doricourt.—Enough? No! she should have spirit! fire! *l'air enjoué*! that something, that nothing, which everybody feels and which nobody can describe, in the resistless charmers of Italy and France.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 3.



JANUARY 13th.

Iago.—Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.
Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

King Richard III.—A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards ! set upon our foes !
Our ancient word of courage fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell.

King Richard III, Act v., Scene 3.

JANUARY 14th.

Rawdon Scudamore.—My run of luck for the last three months
has been stupendous.
Hunted Down, Act ii.

Hamlet.— To die ;—to sleep ;—
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.

JANUARY 15th.

Philip.—By St. James I do protest
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
Simon, is supper ready ?

Queen Mary, Act iii., Scene 6.

Romeo.—Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.





JANUARY 16th.

Iago.—What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witch-craft ;
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

Count Tristan.—A spell of peace and bliss. Geoffrey, methinks
That after knightly vigil, strife, and peril,
This is the haven that my sword has won,
This my reward and crown till life shall end.

Iolanthe.

JANUARY 17th.

Hamlet.—Why right ; you are i' the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :
You, as your business and desire shall point you ;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is ; and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

JANUARY 18th.

Charles I..—Not satisfied with crippling my prerogatives,
They would encroach upon the dearest rights
Which every private gentleman enjoys.—
They would dictate with whom to wed my children,
What friends I may select, and what discard !
In this be blunt with them, I will not do it.

Charles I., Act i.

Shylock.—How like a fawning publican he looks !

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 5.



JANUARY 19th.

Melnotte.—Not to the past, but to the future looks true nobility,
and finds its blazon in posterity.

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

Iago.—When my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliments extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Othello, Act i., Scene 1.

JANUARY 20th.

Philip.—Look in my face—all danger's past . . .
—the stone of remorse is lifted from my heart.
. . . The Heaven that you pray to has been merciful.

Philip, Act iv., Scene 2.

Shylock.—I am debating of my present store ;
And by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats.

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.

JANUARY 21st.

Romeo.—'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her
But Romeo may not :—

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 3.

Sir E. Mortimer.—My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all !
Are barter'd for a name. I will maintain it.

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 4.

JANUARY 22nd.

Richelieu.— To live
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets ;
Not yours—given—uninherited—unpaid for ;
This is to be a trickster. *Richelieu*, Act i., Scene 2.

Petruchio.—She is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., Scene 5.

JANUARY 23rd.

Joseph Surface.—Punctuality is a species of constancy, a very unfashionable quality in a lady.

The School for Scandal, Act iv., Scene 3.

Benedick.—May I be so converted and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not : I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., Scene 3.

JANUARY 24th.

Dorlcourt.—I have known an Italian marquisina make ten conquests in stepping from her carriage, whose real, intrinsic beauty would have yielded to half the little grisettes that pace your Park on a Sunday.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 3.

Romeo.— O ! give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 3.



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JANUARY 25th.

Iago.—The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so.
Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

Synorix.—The love I bear thee
Glowes through my veins since first I looked on thee.
The Cup, Act ii.

Shylock.—O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !
The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

JANUARY 26th.

Romeo.—If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

Digby Grant.—Mrs. Cupps, th-thank you ! there spoke a true
woman's heart ! Pardon me—I cannot express what I feel towards
you, but you have earned the gratitude of—of—But you should not
see me in tears. Leave me, leave me. I would not have you see
my emotion. Leave me—and bring the money !

Two Roses, Act i., Scene 1.

JANUARY 27th.

Petruchio.—Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

Sir E. Mortimer.—Heaven and earth !
Let my pure flame of honour shine in story,
When I am cold in death—and the slow fire,
That wears my vitals now, will no more move me,
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument.

The Iron Chest, Act i., Scene 3.





Cursive handwriting practice lines. The page features ten sets of horizontal lines for practicing letter formation. Each set consists of a solid top line, a dashed midline, and a solid bottom line. The entire page is framed by a thin black border.





JANUARY 28th.

Richelieu.—He has taste . . . When my play
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places :— . . .
He is a man of an uncommon promise !

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

Hamlet.—I could interpret between you and your love, if I could
see the puppets dallying.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

JANUARY 29th.

MR. IRVING first played RICHARD III. (LYCEUM, 1877).

Gloucester.—I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
Therefore—to speak and to avoid the first ;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.

King Richard III., Act iii., Scene 7.

JANUARY 30th.

Melnotte.— No ! bid me hope not !
Bid me not hope ! I could not bear again
To fall from such a heaven ! Oh ! Damas,
There's no such thing as courage in a man.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 1.

Iago.—As I am an honest man, I thought you had received
some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in *reputation*.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.



MR. IRVING AS RICHARD III.

KING RICHARD III.—“Ha! am I king? ‘Tis so :—but Edward lives.”

King Richard III., Act iv., Scene 2.

To face page 20.

JANUARY 31st.

Richelieu.— Ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried !

Richelieu, Act iii., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—I am but mad north-north-west ; when the wind is
southerly I know a hawk from a hern-shaw.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

FEBRUARY 1st.

Vanderdecken.—We may part as we have met, two strangers.
You are young—you are happy—you love life—it should be so.
The salt breeze in the morn enters your window in a waft of
pleasure—it's gift to youth. The waves rise sleepily bending with
tawny light, and as they round to you and deck your foot with
ermine, they whisper—"Joy, youth, and life are one."

Vanderdecken, Act ii., Scene 2.

FEBRUARY 2nd.

Rawdon Scudamore.—I saw you but once, and that in an interview in which I inspired you with hate—you inspired me with love . . . For the first time in my life I resisted a passion, and for the first time felt its power and my weakness.

Hunted Down, Act iii.

Melnotte.—I shall rise—I shall win a name that beauty will not blush to bear. I shall return with the right to say to her—"See how love does not level the proud, but raise the humble !" Oh ! how my heart swells within me !

The Lady of Lyons, Act i., Scene 3.



FEBRUARY 3rd.

Hamlet.— My fate cries out
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 4.

Dorlcourt.—So benign were the stars at the hour of my birth,
that though misfortunes go plump to the bottom of my heart, yet,
as when pebbles sink in water, the surface is soon unruffled.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act ii., Scene 2.

FEBRUARY 4th.

Ferment.—'Tis hard to come home in triumph, overflowing with
exultation, and no one to partake in my joy—not a word of con-
gratulation.

The School of Reform, Act iv., Scene 1.

Joseph Surface.—To pity without the power to relieve is still
more painful than to ask and be denied.

The School for Scandal, Act v., Scene 1.

Bill Sykes.—You're a nice one to be taking up the humane and
genteel line.

Oliver Twist, Act ii., Scene 7.

FEBRUARY 5th.

Petruchio.—Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

Count Falcon.—Is there anything money cannot buy, from a
child's coral to a woman's love?

Idalia, Act ii., Scene 1.



FEBRUARY 6th.

Anniversary of MR. HENRY IRVING'S Birth.

Romeo.—My man's as true as steel.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 4.

Sir E. Mortimer.—I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected. . . .
Honour has been my theme, good-will to man
My study. I have laboured for a name
As white as mountain snow, dazzling and speckless.

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 2.

Othello.—The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

Othello.—A man he is of honesty and trust.

Ibid, Act. i., Scene 3.

Iago.—He hath a daily beauty in his life.

Ibid, Act iv., Scene 1.

Claude Melnotte.—A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

Harry Dornton.—The first of men in the first of cities, revered
by the good, and respected by the great.

The Road to Ruin, Act iii., Scene. 3.

Redburn.—A gentleman of the highest reputation, with a character
of the strictest honour, and an unblemished name.

The Lancashire Lass, Act i.





FEBRUARY 7th.

MR. IRVING first played PHILIP (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1874).

Philip.—Fortune befriended me at the time when I had least right to expect it. . . . My foot on the first rung of the ladder I rose rapidly—for I worked—worked—WORKED—day and night.

Philip, Act ii., Scene 1.

Othello.—This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

FEBRUARY 8th.

Redburn.—There's but little romance in the breast of the British juryman—he only looks to the facts.

The Lancashire Lass, Act iii.

Captain Absolute.—Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little wealth and comfort may be endured after all. . . .

The Rivals, Act iv., Scene 2.

Vanderdecken.—I am a wanderer and have seen strange lands.

Vanderdecken, Act iii., Scene 1.

FEBRUARY 9th.

MR. IRVING first played HARRY DORNTON (ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, 1867).

Harry Dornton.—Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins, and jehus headlong on in the dark ; passion and prodigality blaze in the front, bewilder the coachman and dazzle and blind the passengers ; wisdom, prudence, and virtue are overset and maimed or murdered ; and at last repentance, like the footman's flambeau lagging behind, lights us to dangers when they are past all remedy.

The Road to Ruin, Act i., Scene 3.

Benedick.—By this hand I love thee.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., Scene 1.





FEBRUARY 10th.

Hamlet.— To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.

Philip.—I care for the welfare of the living—not the dead !

Philip, Act i., Scene 1.

FEBRUARY 11th.

Charles Surface.—“Be just before you're generous?”—Why, so I would if I could ; but Justice is an old, lame, hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity, for the soul of me.

The School for Scandal, Act iv., Scene 1.

Robert Macaire.—I am a professor of Rhetoric and Elocution, and Editor of the Royal Gazette of Fashion.

Robert Macaire, Act ii., Scene 1.

Philip.—'Tis her hypocrisy that kills me.

Philip, Act iv., Scene 1.

FEBRUARY 12th.

Young Marlow.—Travellers must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries ; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii., Scene 1.

King Richard III.—Be the attorney of my love to her, Plead what I will be, not what I have been ; Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.

King Richard III, Act iv., Scene 4.





FEBRUARY 13th.

De Neuville.—I hate laughter without joyousness ;—love-making without passion,—society without confidence, and sanctimoniousness without piety. I fear I am very old fashioned.

Plot and Passion, Act i.

Eugene Aram.—Your step is light, but mine clings to the ground,
The ruddy health is on your cheek,
But mine is lined and wan.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act iii.

FEBRUARY 14th.

MR. IRVING first played OTHELLO (in 1876, LYCEUM THEATRE), and (in 1880) celebrated the HUNDREDTH NIGHT of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE with a BANQUET at the LYCEUM.

Othello.— Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction ; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at !
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !

Othello, Act iv., Scene 2.

Shylock.—I am bid forth to supper.

The Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Scene 5.

Shylock.—My meaning in saying that he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient.

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.



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FEBRUARY 15th.

Cheveux.—When a man entertains a love for a woman, he is apt to do many things to obtain his ends, which are not commended by cooler reflection.

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act i.

Digby Grant.—You annoy me very much ! You have everything you want—you have an affectionate father, who is ready to deprive himself of everything to surround you with luxuries, and yet you annoy me.

Two Roses, Act iii.

FEBRUARY 16th.

"Twas in the prime of summertime
An evening calm and cool,
When four and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school,
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

The Dream of Eugene Aram.

Louis XI.—You know I love my jest.

Louis XI, Act iii.

FEBRUARY 17th.

Mathias.—The most important acts of life should always take place in the presence of all.

The Bells, Act ii., Scene 2.

Jeremy Diddler.—Paragon of premature divinity ! what instrument of death, or torture, can equal the dreadful power of your frowns? . . . Cease, then, to wound by them a heart whose affection for you nothing can abate.

Raising the Wind, Act ii., Scene 2.



Handwriting practice lines consisting of a solid top line, a dashed midline, and a solid bottom line, repeated vertically down the page.



FEBRUARY 18th.

Charles I.—I am going from you for awhile,
And since you have grown a tall man and true,
I want you to take trusty care of mother.
You'll never grieve her, Henry, promise me,
And you will talk of me right pleasantly,—
Walk by her side, and prithee, speak of me
As if I were at home—nay, walking with you.

Charles I., Act iv

Iago.—I am nothing, if not critical.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 1.

FEBRUARY 19th.

Richelieu.—I have tried him : He has Honour
And courage, qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls, and fit them for the fiercest sun,
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

Louis XI.—Bounty of nature ! you deserve
A prize for health ; how came you by it ?

Louis XI, Act iii., Scene 1.

FEBRUARY 20th.

Hamlet.—What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason !
how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and
admirable ! In action how like an angel ! in apprehension how
like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights
not me,—no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you would
seem to say so.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

FEBRUARY 21st.

Macbeth.—Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Macbeth, Act v., Scene 2.

Philip.—So weary am I of this wet land of theirs,
And every soul of man that breathes therein,

Queen Mary, Act iv., Scene 6.

FEBRUARY 22nd.

MR. IRVING first played ROBERT ARNOLD (QUEEN'S THEATRE, 1869).

Robert Arnold.—Now fare thee well, my own true love!
A long farewell from me,
I go to fight my country's foes—
Far, far beyond the sea!

My own true love. It wouldn't be easy to give her a name !
Not that I am blind to the attractions of the sex. Bless it ! But
it's the difficulty of selection that has been my safeguard. The
candidates are all so beautiful.

Not Guilty, Act i.

FEBRUARY 23rd.

Gloucester.— You sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcements shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.

King Richard III., Act iii., Scene 3.





FEBRUARY 24th.

Lesurques.—I must have recourse to what I am not very fond of
—an artifice.

The Lyons Mail, Act i., Scene 1.

Dubosc.—I don't expect reward for doing my duty.

The Lyons Mail, Act i., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—Leave wringing of your hands : peace ! sit you down
And let me wring your heart ; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 4.

FEBRUARY 25th.

Melnotte.—I hold her in these arms—the last embrace !
Never, ah ! never more, shall this dear head
Be pillow'd on the heart that should have sheltered
And has betrayed ! Soft !—soft ! one kiss—poor wretch !
No scorn on that pale lip forbids me now !

The Lady of Lyons, Act. iv., Scene 1.

Sir Edward Mortimer.—A man must rule his family,
In his own way.

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 2.

FEBRUARY 26th.

Skylock.—O ! father Abraham, what these Christians are ;
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others !

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.

Count Tristan.— Nay, I will keep the rose
Which thou hast chosen,
Give it a pale companion.—Two white roses
Will bravely deck my cap—my new device ;
I'll wear them as my colours evermore.

Iolanthe.

FEBRUARY 27th.

Dorlcourt.—Give me a fair one, in whose touching mien
A mind, a soul, a polished art is seen ;
Whose gesture speaks, beams intellectual fire,
She speeds the darts which endless love inspire.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act ii., Scene 1.

Petruchio.—Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., Scene 5.

Romeo.—So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 5.

FEBRUARY 28th.

Fabien dei Franchi.—For the last three days I am restless,
melancholy, and in pain myself. *The Corsican Brothers*, Act ii.

Louis dei Franchi.—I came here full of hope, rejoicing to be
near her. I came too late : she was already married to another—
married without affection : married at the very moment when I
thought to offer her my hand. *The Corsican Brothers*, Act ii.

Synorix.—I have had many victories among women.
The Cup, Act i.

FEBRUARY 29th.

Iago.—Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Modus.—Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I loved no woman while I was at college—
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

The Hunchback, Act iv., Scene 1.

Benedick.—In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 1.





MARCH 1st.

Hamlet.—The power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.

Melnotte.—What a coward is a man who has lost his honour !

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

MARCH 2nd.

Gloucester.—Alas ! why would you heap these cares on me ?
I am unfit for state and majesty :
I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

King Richard III., Act iii., Scene 7.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— Fate, like mildew,
Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,
And all my crop is weeds.

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 2.

MARCH 3rd.

Melnotte.— Pauline, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time : by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart had power upon thee.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

Othello.—If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !
I'll not believe't.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

MARCH 4th.

Charles I.—O, banish not my name from off thy lips
Because it pains awhile in naming it !
Harsh grief may pass, in time, into far music ;
Red-eyed regret, that waits upon thy steps,
Shall daily grow a gentle, dear companion,
And hold sweet converse with thee, of thy dead.

Charles I., Act iv.

Fabien dei Franchi.—Have I the air of a boaster ?

The Corsican Brothers, Act iii.

MARCH 5th.

Hamlet.— Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene i.

Hamlet.—Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish her election,
S'hath sealed thee for herself.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene i.

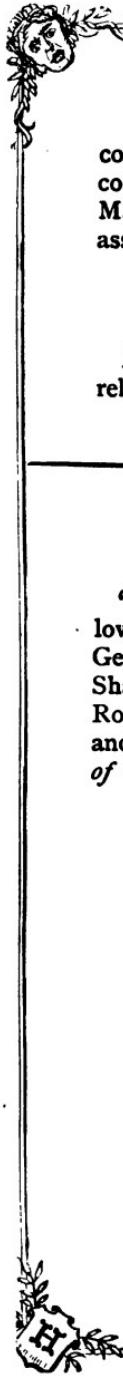
MARCH 6th.

Shylock.— Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love.

Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—(*To Beauseant and Glavis*.) Fie, gentlemen. Princes
must be generous. (*To Damas*.) These kind friends have my
interest so much at heart, that they are as careful of my property
as if it were their own.

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.



MARCH 7th.

Young Marlow.—To go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad-staring question of—Madam, will you marry me? No, no, that's a strain above me, I assure you.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—Virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.

MARCH 8th.

MR. IRVING first played ROMEO (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1882).

“Among the restorations will be found that of Romeo’s unrequited love for Rosaline, omitted, amongst other things, in Garrick’s Georgian version. Its value can hardly be over-appreciated, since Shakespeare has carefully worked out this first baseless love of Romeo as a palpable evidence of the subjective nature of the man and his passion.”—*Mr. Irving, in the preface to his acting edition of “Romeo and Juliet.”*

Romeo.— She whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 3.

Romeo.—There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish’d from the world,
And world’s exile is death :—then banished
Is death mis-term’d : calling death—banishment,
Thou cut’st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil’st upon the stroke that murders me.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 3.

Romeo.—Is it e’en so?—then I defy you, stars.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.



MR. IRVING AS ROMEO.

ROMEO.—“O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.”

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 5

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MARCH 9th.

MR. IRVING first played LOUIS IX. (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1878).

Louis XI.—Dunois, the game is ours ! Upon
Peronne, ride, with six hundred spears

Down upon Flanders, you :—

Seize what and where ye can, and rend the soil
Amongst ye. But hold—hold ye awhile,
The noble duke has met a hero's fate ;
He was my foe, but all my wrongs are hid
And buried in his tomb ;—he was my cousin,
Resentment ends with death.

The court will wear full mourning for a week.

Louis XI., Act iii., Scene 1.

MARCH 10th.

Hamlet.—O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter !

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 2.

Mathias.—Well, you know what is customary ; when father,
mother, and all consent, you embrace your intended wife.

The Bells, Act ii., Scene 2.

MARCH 11th.

Macbeth.— Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thoughts
Shake so my single state o' man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 4.

Chevenix.—A woman of sound sense and keen insight, truly !

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act ii.



MARCH 12th.

Hamlet.—To know a man well were to know himself.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 2.

Synorix.— What use in passions ?
To warm the cold bounds of our dying life,
And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, keep us
From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes
Which all must be. Well used they serve us well.

The Cup, Act i., Scene 3.

MARCH 13th.

Othello.— If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 1.

Romeo.—Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counter-vail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 6.

MARCH 14th.

Richelieu.— You have outrun your fortune ;—
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—
Each to his taste ! But I do charge you, Sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible, called DEBT.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

Shylock.—A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—
O, wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.



MARCH 15th.

Young Marlow.—I have lived, indeed, in the world ; but I have kept very little company. I have been an observer upon life, while others were enjoying it.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.

Othello.—Not from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes and chose me.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

MARCH 16th.

Hamlet.—Not a whit ; we defy augury : there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 2.

Benedick.—Gallants, I am not as I have been. . . . I have the toothache.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., Scene 3.

MARCH 17th.

Synorix.—Ambition
Is like the sea wave, which, the more you drink
The more you thirst. Yea, drink too much, as men
Have done on rafts of wreck, it drives you mad !
I will be no such wreck, am no such gamester,
As, having won the stake, go playing on
To double it or lose all.

The Cup, Act i.



MARCH 18th.

Bob Gassitt.—I am evidently making an impression here.
Dearer Than Life, Act i.

Romeo.— Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 3.

Richelieu.— Bah ! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest !
Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

MARCH 19th.

MR. IRVING first played DE NEUVILLE, for his BENEFIT (QUEEN'S THEATRE, 1869).

De Neuville.—I know that you have a heart by the colour that mounts to your cheek when I speak to you of love ; by the trembling of your voice when we bid each other farewell ; by the thrill that shoots from my being to yours, and from yours to mine when our hands meet . . . You have a heart, and that heart is mine.

Plot and Passion, Act ii.

Shylock.—What ! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?
The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

MARCH 20th.

Hamlet.— Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Petruchio.—I love her ten times more than e'er I did :
O, how I long to have some chat with her !

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.





MARCH 21st.

Digby Grant.—I am glad you call it an honour! It always affords me pleasure to see the regard in which the governing classes are held by the working people. (*To Jack Wyatt*) I am glad you think it an honour.

Two Roses, Act ii.

Iago.— Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

MARCH 22nd.

Othello.—She bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I speake.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

Shylock.— Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

The Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Scene 3.

MARCH 23rd.

Richelieu.—I have another bride for Baradas.
Ay—more faithful than the love
Of fickle woman :—when the head lies lowliest,
Clasping him fondest ;—Sorrow never knew
So sure a soother.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

Count Tristan.— Elect of all my future !
Pale conqueror of my soul ! loved at a look.

Iolanthe, Scene 1.





MARCH 24th.

Shylock.—Ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves ; I mean pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks : The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient ;—I think I may take his bond.

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.

Dorlcourt.—The air of the continent has not effaced one youthful prejudice or attachment.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 3.

MARCH 25th.

Iago.—The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 1.

Petruchio.—'Tis thus : yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her :
If she be curst, it is for policy.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

MARCH 26th.

Macbeth.—Be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

Macbeth, Act v., Scene 8.

Melnotte.—It is curious, this ring ; it is the one with which my grandfather, the Doge of Venice, married the Adriatic !

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.



MARCH 27th.

Othello.—Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Richelieu.—O, God-like Power ! Woe, Rapture, Penury, Wealth,—
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man,
Through a great empire to dispense—withhold—
As the will whispers !

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

MARCH 28th.

Iago.—Why, there's no remedy ; 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

Othello, Act i., Scene 1.

Sir Edward Mortimer.—O, I had a heart o'er-flowing with good
thoughts
For all mankind ! One fatal, fatal turn
Has poison'd all ! Where is my honour now ?

The Iron Chest, Act iii., Scene 3.

MARCH 29th.

Hamlet.—Will you see the players well bestowed ? Let them be
well used ; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time :
after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill-
report while you live.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Eugene Aram.—I heard you laugh a light and careless laugh,
And I—I have not laughed these many years.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act iii.





MARCH 30th.

Digby Grant.—I am in urgent need of a large sum of money. In short, you will be surprised to hear that I would like to be a debtor to you in the ridiculously low sum of ten pounds.

Two Roses, Act i., Scene 1.

Iago.—O, beware, my lord, of jealousy !
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

MARCH 31st.

Romeo.—Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel :
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—I shall hear her speak—I shall meet her eyes—I shall read upon her cheek the sweet thoughts that translate themselves into blushes.

The Lady of Lyons, Act i., Scene 3.

APRIL 1st.

MR. IRVING first played JEREMY DIDDLER (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1872).

Jeremy Diddler.—But I shall not be satisfied without the hope that all such poor idle rogues as I have been may learn, by my disgraceful example—

Howe'er to vice or indolence inclined
By honest industry to "Raise the Wind."

Raising the Wind, Act ii., Scene 2.

Macbeth.—So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 1.

Romeo.—O, I am fortune's fool !

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 1.



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APRIL 2nd.

Hamlet.—I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises ; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire ;—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

APRIL 3rd.

Bob Gassit.—Why, you couldn't be grander if you owned a whole row of freehold cottages ! There's nothing like landed property for fostering pride !

Dearer Than Life, Act i., Scene 1.

Macbeth.— I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 7.

APRIL 4th.

Louis dei Franchi.—A challenge in the presence of a lady ! Oh, sir ; it lacked but this to give a finish to your character. Madame, my blood to the last drop is yours.

The Corsican Brothers, Act ii., Scene 3.

Othello.— By your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.



Handwriting practice lines consisting of three solid top and bottom lines with a dashed midline for each row, spanning most of the page.





APRIL 5th.

Louis XI.—My people and myself are one ; the least of 'em
Is part of me ; touch 'em, and you raise your hand
Against my royal person ; this you have done.

Louis XI., Act ii., Scene 1.

Shylock.—I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk
with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with
you, nor pray with you.

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.

APRIL 6th.

Joseph Surface.—The license of invention some people take is
monstrous indeed.

The School for Scandal, Act i., Scene 1.

Vanderdecken.—The hale and comely sailor, with bold frank eye,
whom they call Olof. He is your lover.

Vanderdecken, Act ii., Scene 2.

King Richard III.—Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

King Richard III, Act iv., Scene 4.

APRIL 7th.

Romeo.—Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Richelieu.—The lion's skin's too short to-night,—
Now for the fox's !—

Richelieu, Act iii., Scene 1.

Gloucester.—It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

King Richard III, Act i., Scene 2.



APRIL 8th.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— Oh, honour ! honour !
Thy pile should be so uniform, displace
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath
Of a rude peasant makes thy owner tremble
For his whole building.

The Iron Chest, Act i., Scene 3.

Benedick.—You break jests as braggarts do their blades, which,
God be thanked, hurt not.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 1.

APRIL 9th.

Othello.—O ! she will sing the savageness out of a bear : of so
high and plenteous wit and invention.

Othello, Act iv., Scene 1.

Eugene Aram.—Last night I parted with her at this spot ;
How long ago it seems ! Again I'm here
To part with her once more—and only once.
First I shall see her at the church's porch,
And each first glimpse of her is very precious.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act i., Scene 1.

APRIL 10th.

Count Tristan.—O, never doubt me, thou art pledged to me.

Iolanthe.

Jingle.—Lady's free to act as she pleases—more than one-and-twenty.

Jingle, Act ii.

Vanderdecken.—Before the moon is up we weigh our anchor and stand out to sea,—and then we part no more.

Vanderdecken, Act iii., Scene i.





APRIL 11th.

Romeo.—Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—"banished"—to kill me?—Banished?

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 3.

Philip.—I see the cradle of my race is like to become its grave.
The eagle soars to swoop—so would I. A woman's ambition may
be bounded by a battlement—it is no right limit for a man's!

Philip, Act i., Scene 1.

APRIL 12th.

Benedick.—I do love nothing in the world so well as you ; Is not
that strange ?

Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv., Scene 1.

Shylock.—It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

APRIL 13th.

Richelieu.—Yes, for sweet France . . . O my country,
For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars !—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows
Wreath'd the old Roman laurel :—at thy feet
Bow'd nations down.—No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart !
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 2.



APRIL 14th.

Othello.—

'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Benedick.—If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 3.

APRIL 15th.

Charles I.—Oh, sir, I have noted, when men are bent
On a deliberate wrong, they seldom
Are at a loss to justify it.

Charles I, Act ii.

Gloucester.—I'll entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it at some little cost.

King Richard III, Act i., Scene 2.

APRIL 16th.

MR. IRVING first played DORICOURT (LYCEUM THEATRE), 1881.

Doricourt.—My charming bride ! It was a strange perversion of taste, that led me to consider the delicate timidity of your deportment as the mark of an unformed mind or inelegant manners. I feel now it is to that innate modesty that English husbands owe a felicity that married men of other nations are strangers to ; it is a sacred veil to your own charms, it is the surest bulwark of your husband's honour ; and may the hour never arrive, in which *British ladies* shall sacrifice to foreign glare, the grace of modesty.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act iii., Scene 3.

APRIL 17th.

MR. IRVING first played CLAUD MELNOTTE (LYCEUM THEATRE), 1879.

Melnotte.—I would not, were I fifty times a prince, be a pensioner on the dead ! I honour birth and ancestry when they are regarded as the incentives to exertion, not the title-deeds to sloth ! I honour the laurels that o'er-shadow the graves of our fathers ;—it is our fathers I emulate, when I desire that beneath the evergreen I myself have planted, my own ashes may repose !

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

APRIL 18th.

MR. IRVING first played PHILIP OF SPAIN (LYCEUM THEATRE), 1876.

Philip.—True ; the provinces
Are hard to rule, and must be hardly ruled.
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty rind,
All hollow'd out with stinging heresies,
And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight ;
You must break them, or they break you.

Queen Mary, Act iii., Scene 2.

Philip.—Unalterably and pesteringly fond !
Queen Mary, Act v., Scene 1.

APRIL 19th.

Hamlet.—E'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

Richelieu.—A great statesman.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2

Othello.—I have done the state some service, and they know't.
Othello, Act v., Scene 2

Macbeth.—He hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongued.

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 7.





APRIL 20th.

Fabien dei Franchi.—Ay, assassin.—For when a man is deadly with his weapon, and goads another less practised than himself to fight, he fights him not—he murders him.

The Corsican Brothers, Act iii.

Gloucester.—Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun.

King Richard III, Act i., Scene 1.

APRIL 21st.

MR. IRVING first played EUGENE ARAM (LYCEUM THEATRE), 1873.

Eugene Aram.—When in the crowded court the felon stands
Quelled by the heartless gaze of myriad eyes,
As strikes at noon on the unsheltered head
The blazing swelter of an Indian sun.
And in the friendless silence, there goes up
That dread word “Guilty.” Then a cry is heard.
Amid the throng—some woman he had known,
And, as he turns, her arms outstretch to him,
Above the sea of heads, then sink like sinking spars ;
—This is the true love that clingeth e'en in shame.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act iii.

APRIL 22nd.

MR. IRVING first played COUNT FALCON (ST. JAMES'S THEATRE), 1867.

Count Falcon.—“Cheap bread and high wages” is the only receipt
I know for patriotism ; give the people that, and any idiot may
play the tyrant at his pleasure. . . .

You know Paris well? . . . Ah ! a pleasant furnace to pass
through, though few of us come out of the flame purified by the
process.

Idalia, Act i.

Iago.—It makes us or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Othello, Act v., Scene 1.





APRIL 23rd.

Anniversary of the Birth of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (in 1564).

Hamlet.—He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 2.

Mr. Irving.—The noblest literary man of all time—the finest and yet the most prolific writer—the greatest student of man, and the greatest master of man's highest gift of language . . . the most perfect gentleman who stood in the Elizabethan throng. . . . Here was one to whose omnipotent and true imagination the hearts of kings and queens and peoples had always been an open page! The thought of such a man is an incomparable inheritance for any nation, and such a man was the actor—Shakespeare. Such is our birthright and yours. Such the succession in which it is ours to labour and yours to enjoy. For Shakespeare belongs to the stage for ever, and his glories must always inalienably belong to it.

Extracts from Mr. Irving's Lecture—“The Stage As It Is.”

Richelieu.—Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!—
But taking sorcery from the master-hand.

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 2.

Cassio.—He was great of heart.

Othello, Act v., Scene 2.



MR. IRVING AS CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

RICHELIEU.—“Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.”
Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2

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APRIL 24th.

Iago.—Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Philip.—Ay, sir, but in statesmanship,
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.

Queen Mary, Act iii., Scene 6.

APRIL 25th.

Digby Grant.—I have now the command of the fortune to which I was entitled, and my daughters will take that high position in society for which they are fitted by their birth and gifts.

Two Roses, Act i.

Skylock.—An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

APRIL 26th.

Hamlet.—O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

Charles Surface.—Plain dealing in business I always think best.
School for Scandal, Act iii., Scene 3.



APRIL 27th.

Eugene Aram.— I prize it,
Beyond all rubies,—for some tender memories,
For an unreasoned fondness. I will wear it
Even to the end, whatever the end may be ;
And yet the bright and precious gem is lost.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act i.

Gloucester.—Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 2.

APRIL 28th.

Melnotte.—Humph ! rank is a great beautifier ! I never passed
for an Apollo while I was a peasant ; if I am so handsome as a
prince, what should I be as an emperor ?

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! Oh fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 2.

APRIL 29th.

Richelieu.— No ; not orphan
While Richelieu lives ; thy father loved me well ;
My friend, ere I had flatterers (now I'm great,
In other phrase, I'm friendless) bequeathed thee to me,
And thou shalt have a dowry, girl, to buy
Thy mate among the mightiest.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

Gloucester.—I thank my God for my humility.

King Richard III., Act ii., Scene 1.



APRIL 30th.

Romeo.—Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ;—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—O, begone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself ;
Stay not ;—begone ;—live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 3.

MAY 1st.

Richelieu.—O ! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands,
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell ;
Ye whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried !

Richelieu, Act iii., Scene 1.

Romeo.—I am the youngest of that name for fault of a worse.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 4.



MAY 2nd.

MR. IRVING first played IAGO (LYCEUM THEATRE), 1881.

Iago.—She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said “Now I may”;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—
... To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 1.

Iago.—I do suspect the Moor . . . the thought . . .
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 1.

MAY 3rd.

Synorix.—Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering in
The city where she dwells. She passed me here
Three years ago, when I was flying from
My tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touched her.
A maiden slowly moving on to music,
Among her maidens to this temple. O, gods!
She is my fate, else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city? Married—
Since married Sinnatus, the tetrarch here.

The Cup, Act i., Scene 1.



MAY 4th.

Shylock.—Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

Benedick.—I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts
didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 2.

MAY 5th.

Richelieu.—Ah ! were I younger,—by the knightly heart
That beats beneath these priestly robes, I would
Have pastime with these cutthroats. Yea, as when,
Lured to the ambush of the expecting foe,
I clove my pathway through the plumed sea !
Reach me yon falchion, François—such a blade,
As old Charles Martel might have wielded, when
He drove the Saracen from France.

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 2.

MAY 6th.

Romeo.—More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
But Romeo may not ; he is banished :
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death ?

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 3.

Iago.—I'll make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.



MAY 7th.

MR. IRVING played GLOUCESTER at the GAIETY Benefit for the ISANDULA FUND, to the LADY ANNE of MISS ELLEN TERRY, 1879.

Glooucester.—Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne.—Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glooucester.—I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death. . . .

Glooucester.—Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne.—That thou shalt know hereafter.

Glooucester.—But shall I live in hope ?

Anne.—All men, I hope, live so.

Glooucester.—Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne.—To take is not to give. (*She puts on the ring.*)

. . . *Glooucester.*—Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 2.

MAY 8th. .

Melnotte.—O, joy !—O, rapture ! By the midnight watchfires
Thus have I seen thee ! thus foretold this hour !
And 'midst the roar of battle, thus have heard
The beating of thy heart against my own.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 2.

Hamlet.—Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer ? Where
be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his
tricks ?

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 1.

MAY 9th.

MR. IRVING first played OTHELLO to MR. BOOTH'S IAGO,
(LYCEUM THEATRE), 1881.

Othello.—Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

Othello, Act v., Scene 2.



MAY 10th.

Louis XI.—So you would taste of popularity—
The people's breath ! 'Tis a false poison, prince.
To win their voices, throw but a crown or two,
And while they fight for 'em they'll cry ye deaf.

Louis XI., Act iii.

Petruchio.—Say she be mute and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene i.

MAY 11th.

Digby Grant.—Two Roses ! Ah, it almost reconciles one to the burden of supporting them.

Two Roses, Act i.

Philip.—Was this brain given me for nothing better than to shoot hares before dinner, and play at dominoes afterwards ? No. The intellect is *power*, and he who best applies it—no matter his birth—is the true Lord of the Creation !

Philip, Act i., Scene i.

MAY 12th.

Hamlet.—Heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 4.

Charles Surface.—Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it, but here shall be my monitor, my gentle guide—ah ! can I leave the virtuous path these eyes illumine ?

The School for Scandal, Act v., Scene 3.





MAY 13th.

Othello.— When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither.

Othello, Act v., Scene 1.

De Neuville.—The man whose heart you have made the plaything
of your summer leisure, when he wakes to the truth may suffer—'tis
a compliment to your fascination—but that he should complain—
absurd!

Plot and Passion, Act iii.

MAY 14th.

Richelieu.—She hears not ! Look upon her !
The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me so ! and in that age
When friends are brothers ! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears ?

Richelieu, Act iv., Scene 1.

Charles I.—The King must cheer his followers' sinking hearts,
Though without cheer himself.

Charles I, Act ii.

MAY 15th.

Romeo.— She speaks :—
O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.





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MAY 16th.

Philip.— A candle in the sun
Is all but smoke—a star beside the moon
Is all but lost.
Queen Mary, Act iv., Scene 1.

Othello.— Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace :
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

MAY 17th.

MR. IRVING *played MATHIAS for the 151st and last consecutive night (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1872).*

Mathias.—You can at least boast of having well managed your affairs—the contract signed—rich—prosperous—respected—happy ! No one will hear you now if you dream ! No more folly !—no more Bells !

The Bells, Act iii.

King Richard III.—Shall we wear these glories for a day ?
Or shall they last and we rejoice in them ?

Buckingham.—Still live they, and for ever let them last !

King Richard III., Act iv., Scene 2.

MAY 18th.

MR. IRVING *first played LESURQUES and DUBOSC (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1877).*

Lesurques.—Happy ? I have a daughter, judge for yourselves. I have health, spirits, and friends. Was there ever in the world a happier man than Joseph Lesurques ?

The Lyons Mail, Act i., Scene 1.

Dubosc.—They are speaking of me.

The Lyons Mail, Act i., Scene 3.

Romeo.—Stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.





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MAY 19th.

Iago.— O, sir, content you ;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed.

Othello, Act i., Scene 1.

Melnotte.—Our country is less proud than custom, and does not refuse the blood, the heart, the right hand of the poor man.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iv., Scene 1.

MAY 20th.

MR. IRVING first played COUNT TRISTAN at MISS TERRY'S Benefit
(LYCEUM THEATRE, 1880).

Count Tristan.—No longer dream and fancy—he hath come.
No childish troth, fair lady, doth he bring,
But manhood's love and knightly constancy.
Hear thou this vow ! No other memory
Shall ever be enthronèd in his heart !
Thy scarf he'll bind around his plumèd helm ;
Thy name shall be his war-cry and his chart.

Iolanthe.

MAY 21st.

Iago.—I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Richelieu.— Who spake of life ?
I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine honour,
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives !
Begone !—redeem thine honour !

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 3.

MAY 22nd.

Modus.—I never saw so sweet a pair of lips !
I ne'er saw lips at all, till now, dear cousin.

The Hunchback, Act v., Scene 2.

Romeo.—If thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 3.

MAY 23rd.

Modus.— Why did she taunt me
With backwardness in love ? What could she mean ?
Because I lack the front to woo her ?—Nay,
I'll woo her then ! Her lips shall be in danger,
When next she trusts them near me !

The Hunchback, Act iv., Scene 1.

Petruchio.— My fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act i., Scene 2.

MAY 24th.

Hamlet.— Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of ?

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1

Mathias.—I am a man of simplicity.

The Bells, Act iii.

MAY 25th.

Romeo.—There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.
I sell thee poison ; thou hast sold me none.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

Louis XI.—Well done, brave sirs, and he, my son, the first
Amongst them all, so young, so brave : 'Tis well,
Charles ; he—he is a child of France.

Louis XI, Act ii., Scene 1.

MAY 26th.

Dorlcourt.—Hang the world ! What will the world give me for
the loss of happiness ? Must I sacrifice my peace to please the
world ?

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 2.

Gloucester.—My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking glass.

King Richard III, Act i., Scene 2.

MAY 27th.

Macbeth.— What man dare, I dare ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. *Macbeth*, Act iii., Scene 4.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— I did not mean to say
There's danger now : but 'tis the privilege
Of sickness to be grave, and moralize
On that which sickness brings.

The Iron Chest, Act iii., Scene 1.



MAY 28th.

Doricourt.—Marry ! I marry such a woman ! Your picture, I hope, is overcharged. I ally myself to *mauvaise honte*, pertness, and ignorance !

The Belle's Stratagem, Act ii., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—Give me your pardon, sir : I've done you wrong ;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me, so far, in your most generous thoughts.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 2.

MAY 29th.

Benedick.—That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me ; I will die in it at the stake.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., Scene 1.

Gloucester.—I would to Heaven my heart were flint like Edward's, Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine ; I am too childish-foolish for this world.

King Richard III, Act i., Scene 3.

MAY 30th.

Synorix.—Camma the stately ! Camma the great-hearted ! A woman I could live and die for.
What ! die for a woman ? What new faith is this ?
I am not sick, not mad, not old enough
To dote on one alone ! Yes ; mad for her !
So mad, I fear some strange and evil chance
Is coming on me, for by the gods I seem
Strange to myself !

The Cup, Act i.



MAY 31st.

Macbeth.—Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys : renown and grace is dead.

Macbeth, Act ii., Scene 3.

Melnotte.— “Too late !”
Lead on. One last look more, and then— . . .
Forget her !—yes.—For death remembers not
The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 1.

JUNE 1st.

Gloucester.—Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 1.

Chevenix.—Dull ! She is surrounded by the necessary concomitants of a life shared with a man of my position. Really, I must think your supposition totally unfounded.

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act ii.

JUNE 2nd.

Petruchio.—I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me !

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

Melnotte.— Oh ! blame her not ;
It were a sharper grief to think her worthless
Than to be what I am !

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 1.

Romeo.—Sleep dwell upon thine eyes ! peace in thy breast.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.

JUNE 3rd.

Macbeth.—I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth.

Macbeth, Act v., Scene 5.

Romeo.—Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 5.

JUNE 4th.

MR. IRVING first played DIGBY GRANT (VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, 1870).

Digby Grant.—I have been, like Timon, tired of the hollowness of the world, sick of its host of shams, seeking its simple joys. I have not been disappointed. Here is an instance. I allude to Mrs. Cupps. Many times my daughters have known her kind solicitude when she never thought that they would be in a position to repay her. Such uncalculating goodness shall not go unrewarded.—Mrs. Cupps—a little cheque !

Two Roses, Act i.

JUNE 5th.

Othello.—My life upon her faith !

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

Richelieu.—Never ! Your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers—but my name—my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre !
Pass sentence on me, if you will ; from Kings,
Lo ! I appeal to Time !

Richelieu, Act iv., Scene 1



III





JUNE 6th.

Sir Edward Mortimer.—This honest soul
Would fain look cheery in my house's gloom ;
And, like a gay and sturdy evergreen,
Smiles in the midst of blast and desolation,
Where all around him withers.

The Iron Chest, Act i., Scene 3.

Gloucester.—Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 2.

JUNE 7th.

I had loved her too—nay more,
'Twas I who loved her first.
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed ;
He came—He conquered—they were wed ;
My air-blown bubble burst.

The Uncle.

Iago.—How poor are they that have not patience !

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

JUNE 8th.

MR. IRVING *first played VANDERDECKEN* (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1878).

Vanderdecken.—Before me seems to stretch a dreary headland.
Beyond it is a fixed dawn that never grows to day, and 'neath the
dappled cloud, one spring of light. I strive to round the point, but
beat about in vain—in vain. Then the old frenzy rises to my brain,
and curses to my lips, and in the thunder sounds that curse again :
—"Sail on—sail on, until the judgment-day, unless that woman
come."

Thekla.—And she is come.

Vanderdecken, Act iv., Scene 2.



MR. IRVING AS VANDERDECKEN.

VANDERDECKEN.—“When the hurricane is loosed, crushing the sea to angry
white . . . and seamen quail,—then do I rise upon my phantom deck.”

Vanderdecken, Act iv., Scene 2

To face page 112.

JUNE 9th.

Hamlet.—Frailty, thy name is woman !

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 2.

Sir Edward Mortimer.—Well, well ;
I am too boisterous : 'tis my unhappiness
To seem most harsh when I would show most kind.
The world has made me peevish.

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 1.

Benedick.—I will live in thy heart.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 2.

JUNE 10th.

Iago.—Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

Richelieu.—“ In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than power.”
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist !

Richelieu, Act iii., Scene 1.

JUNE 11th.

Shylock.—You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies :—Should I not say,
Hath a dog money ; is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.

Gloucester.—A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.

King Richard III, Act i., Scene 3.





JUNE 12th.

Iago.—I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Joseph Surface.—The fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful
even to his own villainy.

School for Scandal, Act i., Scene 1.

Romeo.—Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

JUNE 13th.

MR. IRVING played RICHELIEU for the first time in his own Management
of the LYCEUM THEATRE, 1879.

Richelieu.— Men have called me cruel—
I am not—I am just.
I have re-created France ; and from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
Civilisation, on her luminous wings,
Soars, Phoenix-like, to Jove !—What was my art ?
Genius, some say—some Fortune, Witchcraft some.
Not so :—my art was Justice !

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

JUNE 14th.

Gloucester.—If any hold me a foe . . . if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.

King Richard III., Act ii., Scene 1.

Dorlcourt.—She's a fine girl, as far as mere flesh and blood goes.
But—she's *only* a fine girl ; complexion, shape, and features ; nothing
more.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 3.



JUNE 15th.

MR. IRVING and MR. BOOTH played IAGO and OTHELLO for
MISS TERRY'S Benefit (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1881).

Iago.—I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Othello.—I think so too.

Iago.—Men should be what they seem;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Othello.—Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago.—Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Othello.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago.—Nay, you must forget that.

Othello, Act iv., Scene 1.

JUNE 16th.

Joseph Surface.—This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence, without incurring the expense.

School for Scandal, Act v., Scene 2.

Chevenix.—I should have thought the sense of the honour I did you in giving you my name would have made the act of spelling it a pleasure.

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act ii.

JUNE 17th.

Young Marlow.—I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act iv.

Gloucester.—Look how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

King Richard III, Act i., Scene 2.



JUNE 18th.

Hamlet.—This three years I have taken note of it ; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 1.

Melnotte.—When night came, amidst the breathless Heavens,
We'd guess what star should be our home
When love becomes immortal.

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

JUNE 19th.

Romeo.—It is my lady ! O ! it is my love :
O that she knew she were !—
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that ?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Chevenix.—Yes, there is a difference of age between us—but then there is no age to a man of *my* position and influence. They form all the greater reasons for her to be proud of me, and enhance the lustre of my name !

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act ii.

JUNE 20th.

Hamlet.—Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping ? Use them after your own honour and dignity : the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Benedick.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., Scene 3.



JUNE 21st.

Young Marlow.—True, madam ; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.

Othello.—Little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

JUNE 22nd.

Melnotte.— At noon
We'd sit beneath the circling vines and wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love.

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

Skylock.—Stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

The Merchant of Venice, Act ii., Scene 5.

JUNE 23rd.

King Richard III.—There is no creature loves me ;
And if I die no soul shall pity me :

King Richard III, Act v., Scene 3.

Chevenix.—Nature is an annoyance to everybody around those infected with it, and frankness is an unqualified tormentor.

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act ii.

Skylock.—Three thousand ducats ; 'tis a good round sum.

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.



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JUNE 24th.

Vanderdecken.—And I too have sought thee.—I have seemed strange and dallied with thy devotion.—Like the parched man who stoops to drink but pauses in mid bliss to think of it.—Yes, I have sought thee.—I have met thee. . . . Thou art mine own.

Vanderdecken, Act iii., Scene 1.

Philip.—A day may sink or save a realm.

Queen Mary, Act iii., Scene 6.

JUNE 25th.

Gloucester.—Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties.

King Richard III., Act iii., Scene 7.

Mathias.—Because nothing can be proved against me I am dangerous ! Every honest man then is dangerous when nothing can be proved against him. A rare encouragement for honesty !

The Bells, Act iii.

JUNE 26th.

Othello.—She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft I have used.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

Philip.—Who cares what they say, when we're married and far away? . . . What do you or I care for the world? We'll live away from it.

Philip, Act ii., Scene 1.



JUNE 27th.

Gloucester.—Have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

King Richard III., Act ii., Scene 2.

Melnotte.—And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved, so wronged thee, think at least
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
In that poor peasant's nature.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

JUNE 28th.

Othello.—He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Harry Dornton.—Time and fate shall means afford
Somewhat to perform, worthy of man and me.

The Road to Ruin, Act iv., Scene 1.

Macbeth.—The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Macbeth, Act ii., Scene 3.

JUNE 29th.

MR. IRVING *played HAMLET for the 200th Consecutive Night*
(LYCEUM THEATRE).

Hamlet.—Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you would
make of me ! You would play upon me ; you would seem to know
my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you
would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass :
and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet
cannot you make it speak. Do you think I am easier to be played
on than a pipe ?

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 3.



JUNE 30th.

Hamlet.—My tables ; my tables, meet it is I set it down
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

Othello.—Why should honour outlive honesty?

Othello, Act v., Scene 2.

Iago.—Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contrived murder.

Othello, Act i., Scene 2.

JULY 1st.

MR. IRVING first presided at the ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND
Annual Dinner, 1875.

Mr. Irving.—Some twenty years ago, a boy stood by the door of the London Tavern, watching the guests as they assembled for this Fund's dinner; delighted to recognize the face of some actor he had seen, eager to catch a glimpse of some famous man he had heard of. Time—too often a laggard in bestowing the rewards for which we toil—has dealt kindly with me, and with a grateful heart I say so for I was that boy—and nearly twenty years of an actor's life finds me in this chair to-night

“Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion ;
These scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As soon as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.”

(*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii., Scene 3.)

. . . The British public is “tender and true” to old favourites, and really it is fortunate that it is so, for we have no State aid or help of any sort.

Extracts from Mr. Irving's Speech on that Occasion.

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JULY 2nd.

Hamlet.—A bloody deed ! almost as bad
As kill a king.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene iv.

Gloucester.—Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 3.

Philip.—Love—true love—ennobles all it touches.

Philip, Act i., Scene 1.

JULY 3rd.

Richelieu.— To filch
Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth
Life, daily bread—quitting all scores with “Friend,
You're troublesome !”—Why this, forgive me,
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call “Theft.” . . This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood.—I tell you, Sir,
That you must pay your debts.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

JULY 4th.

Romeo.—Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 6.

Chevenix.—I am only rehearsing an election speech. Voters
are so wooden-headed, as a rule, that I might easily think my
chairs and tables good representatives of my audience at the
hustings.

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act ii.

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JULY 5th.

MR. IRVING first recited THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR, in London, at SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERT, 1882.

When strong adversity and subtle pain
Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain—
When friends once faithful, hearts once all our own
Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone— . . .
When weary life, breathing reluctant breath,
Hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death ;—
Then the best counsel and the last relief
To cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,
The only calm, the only comfort heard
Comes in the music of a woman's word.

The Feast of Belshazzar.

JULY 6th.

Othello.— I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;
It strikes where it doth love.

Othello, Act v., Scene 1.

Joseph Surface.—The worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend.

The School for Scandal, Act i., Scene 1.

JULY 7th.

Digby Grant.—Mr. Deecie—whose affliction I deplore—was so good as to—ah ! lend my daughters a piano—hem ! He did not mean to offend, but we cannot remain under obligations to anyone—so, a little cheque !

Two Roses, Act i.

Romeo.—I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 2.

JULY 8th.

MR. IRVING first appeared in a New Version of JINGLE (LYCEUM THEATRE).

Jingle.—Ah ! you should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures. Dog of my own once—pointer—surprising instinct—out one day shooting, entered an enclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto !—no go !—stock still—called again—Ponto—Ponto—wouldn't move—dog transfix'd—staring at a board—looked up and saw an inscription—"Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure"—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable—very.

Jingle, Act i.

JULY 9th.

Petruchio.—Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?

The Taming of the Shrew, Act i., Scene 2.

JULY 10th.

Benedick.—A college of nut-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram ? No !

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 4.

Hamlet.—The play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas caviaré to the general : but it was an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, and set down with as much modesty as cunning.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.



JULY 11th.

Romeo.—It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 4.

Redmond.—I declare I never did anything better since I have been in the profession.

Robert Macaire, Act i., Scene 1.

JULY 12th.

Romeo.—Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 4.

Joseph Surface.—The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities ; whereas the sentimental French plate . . . makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

The School for Scandal, Act v., Scene 2.

JULY 13th.

Young Marlow.—Why, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some bagatelle ; but to me a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.

Iago.—Men are men ; the best sometimes forget.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.



JULY 14th.

Philip.— I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me, passing hence.
Queen Mary, Act iii., Scene 6.

Gloucester.—I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
King Richard III., Act iii., Scene 4.

Modus.—And is not love an art ?
The Hunchback, Act iv., Scene 1.

JULY 15th.

Melnotte.—I am a man !—it is the sting of woe
Like mine that tells us we are men.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 1.

Philip.—Why should we live in our pride, half-starved up here,
when honest work is to be done ? What are we better than the
unlettered boors around us, if we waste our years in this ignoble
sloth ?

Philip, Act i., Scene 1.

JULY 16th.

Petruchio.—Thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.
The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

Melnotte.—Gentleman ! Ay, I was a gentleman before I turned
conspirator, for honest men are the gentlemen of nature.
The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

Macbeth.—Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ?

Macbeth, Act ii., Scene 1.

JULY 17th.

Louis XI.— If there
Be a thing I love, 'tis to make
Young lovers happy.

Louis XI., Act iii.

Shylock.—Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is?

The Merchant of Venice, Act iii., Scene 1.

JULY 18th.

Harry Dornton.—Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth; but I like you the better—you are honest—you are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

The Road to Ruin, Act i., Scene 3.

Romeo.—Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 1.

JULY 19th.

Hamlet.—There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

Dorlcourt.—Saw her—loved her—died for her, without knowing her; and now, the curse is, I cannot hate her.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act iii., Scene 2.

Gloucester.—'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

King Richard III., Act ii., Scene 1.

JULY 20th.

Romeo.— O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there . . .
Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?
Here, here will I remain.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 3.

JULY 21st.

Melnotte.— Hush ! No word against her !
Why should she keep, through years and silent absence,
The holy tablets of her virgin faith
True to a traitor's name ?

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 1.

Gloucester.— I was born so high :
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 3.

JULY 22nd.

Macbeth.— Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it.

Macbeth, Act iv., Scene 1.

Melnotte.— We'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours !

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

JULY 23rd.

MR. IRVING played MODUS at his Benefit—first time (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1881).

Modus.—A bold heart, Master Modus ! 'Tis a saying
A faint one never won fair lady yet.
I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't. Yes ;
Hang Ovid's art of love ! I'll woo my cousin.

The Hunchback, Act iv., Scene 1.

Mathias.—A man cannot be condemned upon such suppositions.
You must have proofs. I do not hear the noise of Bells.

The Bells, Act iii., Scene 3.

JULY 24th.

MR. IRVING first played ROBERT REDBURN (QUEEN'S THEATRE, 1868).

Redburn.—Your rapture speaks well for your artistic sensations.
You have quite a taste for the fine arts
Ah ! your acquaintance with the nobility is probably limited.

The Lancashire Lass. Prologue.

Redburn.—It is singular that I cannot shake off this depression.
Is my star on the wane ? Am I losing ? Is it all up with Bob Redburn ? Not while there's life.

The Lancashire Lass, Act i.

Romeo.—He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.

JULY 25th.

Iago.—The knave is handsome, young, and hath all these requisites in him that folly and green minds look after : a pestilent complete knave.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 1.

Richelieu.—Rise, my children,
For ye are mine—mine both ;—and in your sweet
And young delight—your love—(life's first-born glory),
My own lost youth breathes musical.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.





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JULY 26th.

Romeo.—A torch for me : let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—
True we mean well in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 2.

Richelieu.—You good men are so modest.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

JULY 27th.

Dorlcourt.—Nothing can be captivating that you are not. You shall be nothing but yourself.—I will not wrong your penetration by pretending that you won my heart at the first interview : but you have now my whole soul—your person, your face, your mind, I would not exchange for those of any other woman breathing.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act v., Scene 3.

Macbeth.—The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing, pays itself.

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 4.

JULY 28th.

Petruchio.— I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told to me you were rough and coy and sullen,
But now I find report a very liar.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

Melnotte.—Look up—Pauline—for I can bear
Thine eyes ! The stain is blotted from my name.
I have redeem'd mine honour. I can call
On France to sanction thy divine forgiveness !

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 2.

JULY 29th.

MR. IRVING presided for the Second Time at the ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND DINNER, 1881.

Mr. Irving.—Our lives are fraught with many temptations, and should be solaced by the thoughtfulness, brightened by the encouragement, and softened by the liberal estimation of the public.

Extract from Mr. Irving's speech in proposing the Toast of the Evening.

Mr. Irving.—I make no claim upon your consideration, except that of one who, whatever the result, has at all events laboured earnestly for his art. . . . There has been, I trust, no unworthy aim. . . . There is a charge, to which I suppose I must plead guilty, and that is, that I have not in everything shown an absolute deference to tradition. . . . About tradition I venture to say this, that it was all very well for those who invented it, but it is simply injurious to those who merely imitate. If a conception is not part of a man's own brain—if it is not the impulse of his own creative faculty—then it cannot bear that stamp of individuality without which there can be no true art.

Extract from Mr. Irving's speech in replying for himself.

JULY 30th.

Hamlet.— What a wounded name
Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me !
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile—
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 2.

Iago.—When she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

JULY 31st.

Benedick.—I hear how I am censured : they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry :—I must not seem proud.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., Scene 3.

Othello.— 'Tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

AUGUST 1st.

Iago.—I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness ; I could never better stead thee than now.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

Joseph Surface.—That conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

The School for Scandal, Act i., Scene 1.

AUGUST 2nd.

Gloucester.—Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears, Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops : These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear, Thy beauty hath made blind with weeping.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 2.

Richeieu.— Richelieu ? Yesterday I was !— To-day, a very weak old man !—To-morrow, I know not what !

Richelieu, Act iv., Scene 1.



AUGUST 3rd.

Digby Grant.—You—you affect me very much ! Haven't I given you everything that money will buy ?

Two Roses, Act ii.

Shylock.—I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.

AUGUST 4th.

Othello.—My wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.
O, unsupportable ! O heavy hour !
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Othello, Act v., Scene 2.

Mathias.—Young men are ambitious. It is natural they should be.

The Bells, Act ii.

AUGUST 5th.

Philip.—Poor child—it's not your fault—I don't blame you—only sometimes, sometimes a word, a look of yours has fed false hope in me, and I've thought the time might come when you would return the devotion of my life. Ask what you will of me, I'll do it—but to continue enduring this agony of doubt—jealousy—bitterness of heart—no—no—Gods and angels never suffer so—and I—I am but a man.

Philip, Act i., Scene 1.



AUGUST 6th.

Romeo.—This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 1.

AUGUST 7th.

Richelieu.—The world would never need a Richelieu, if
Men—bearded, mailed men—the Lords of Earth—
Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride,
As this poor child, with the dove's innocent scorn,
Her sex's tempters, Vanity and Power !

Richelieu, Act iii., Scene 1.

Macbeth.—Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.

Macbeth, Act ii., Scene 3.

AUGUST 8th.

Petruchio.—'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., Scene 3.

Othello.—Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Othello, Act v., Scene 2.





AUGUST 9th.

Iago.—Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used : exclaim no more against it.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer !

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

AUGUST 10th.

Hamlet.—Nay, do not think I flatter ;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flattered ?

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

King Richard III.—March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

King Richard III, Act iv., Scene 4.

AUGUST 11th.

Romeo.—It is my soul that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Young Marlow.—Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an inn-keeper's philosophy ! . . . Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper ?

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.





AUGUST 12th.

Jeremy Diddler.—She's mine. Now I shall visit the county
squires upon other terms.—I'll only sing when it comes to my turn,
and never tell a story or cut a joke but at my own table.

Raising the Wind, Act i., Scene 3.

Hamlet.—Though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 1.

AUGUST 13th.

Othello.—Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—Wise judges are we of each other !

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

AUGUST 14th.

Doricourt.—I confess that kind of freedom is carried rather too
far. 'Tis hard one can't have a jewel in one's cabinet but the
whole town must be gratified with its lustre.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 4.

Gloucester.— O, 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable :
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

King Richard III., Act iii., Scene 1.





AUGUST 15th.

Shylock.—Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

The Merchant of Venice, Act i., Scene 3.

Chevenix.—I know little of women, but I think I have studied
this girl so as to understand her.

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act i.

AUGUST 16th.

Richelieu.— Speak not, but go :—I would not see young Valour
So humbled as grey service.

Richelieu, Act iv., Scene 1.

Romeo.—Love, who first did prompt me to inquire :
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.

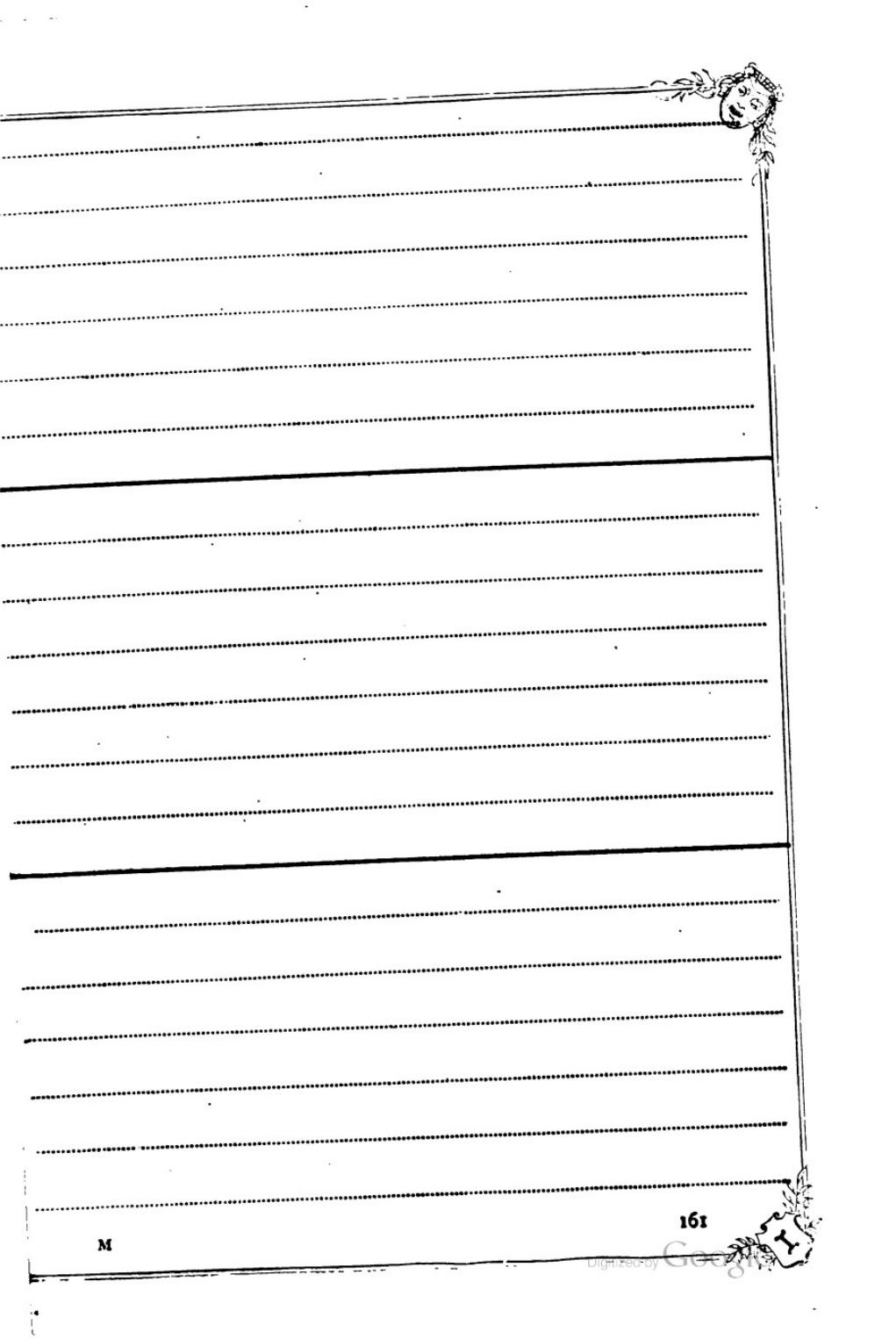
AUGUST 17th.

Petruchio.—What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., Scene 3.

Othello.—I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove,
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love and jealousy !

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.



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AUGUST 18th.

Richelieu.— Nay, my daughter, these
Are but the blinding mists of daybreak love
Sprung from its very light, and heralding
A noon of happy summer.

Richelieu, Act iii., Scene 1.

Skylock.—If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them : I would have my bond.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

AUGUST 19th.

Macbeth.— Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Macbeth, Act iii., Scene 4.

Young Marlow.—The girls like finery.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.

AUGUST 20th.

Richelieu.— And shall things—like notes
That live in my daylight—lackeys of court wages,
warf'd starvelings—manikins, upon whose shoulders
The burthen of a province were a load
More heavy than the globe on Atlas—cast
Lots for my robe and sceptre?

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

Romeo.—O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 2.

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AUGUST 21st.

Hamlet.— Hear you, sir ;
What is the reason that you use me thus ?
I loved you ever : but it is no matter ;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 1.

Sir E. Mortimer.—I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch.

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 4.

AUGUST 22nd.

Gloucester.—Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 2.

Melnotte.—The husband of a being so beautiful in her noble and
sublime tenderness may be poor,—may be low-born ; but he
should be one who can look thee in the face without a blush,—to
whom thy love does not bring remorse,—who can fold thee to his
heart, and say,—“ Here is no deceit ! ”

The Lady of Lyons, Act iv., Scene 1.

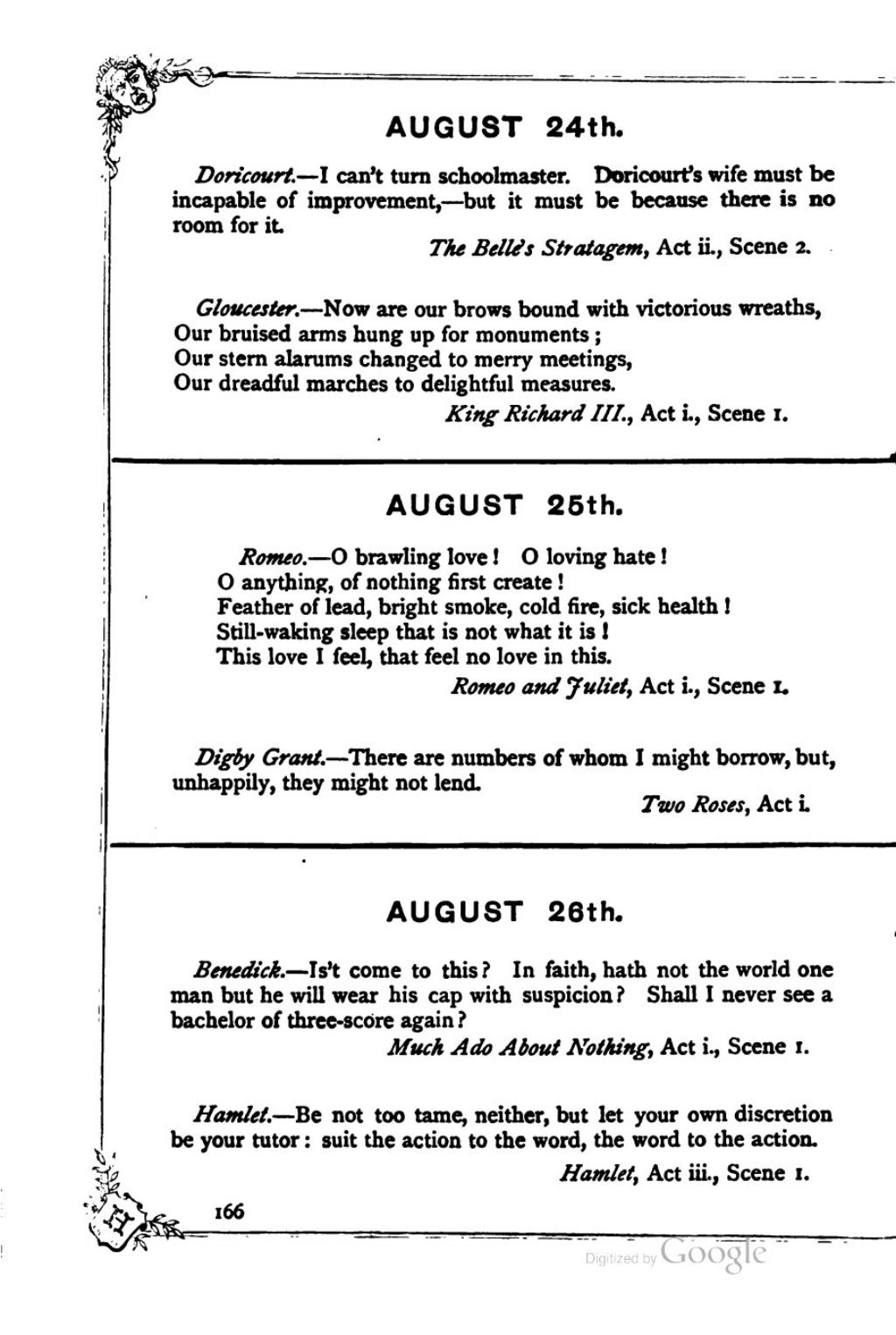
AUGUST 23rd.

Hamlet.—Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my
heart : but it is no matter. . . . It is but foolery ; but it is such a
kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 2.

Digby Grant.—I occasionally have money, but am without it as
a rule.

Two Roses, Act i.



AUGUST 24th.

Doricourt.—I can't turn schoolmaster. Doricourt's wife must be incapable of improvement,—but it must be because there is no room for it.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act ii., Scene 2.

Gloucester.—Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 1.

AUGUST 25th.

Romeo.—O brawling love ! O loving hate !
O anything, of nothing first create !
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
Still-waking sleep that is not what it is !
This love I feel, that feel no love in this.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 1.

Digby Grant.—There are numbers of whom I might borrow, but,
unhappily, they might not lend.

Two Roses, Act i.

AUGUST 26th.

Benedick.—Is't come to this ? In faith, hath not the world one
man but he will wear his cap with suspicion ? Shall I never see a
bachelor of three-score again ?

Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion
be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.



AUGUST 27th.

Hamlet.—Let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Richelieu.—Take her hand
And speak the truth, with which your heart runs over.

Richelieu, Act iii., Scene 1.

AUGUST 28th.

Young Marlow.—I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how—a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.

Macbeth.—I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

Macbeth, Act v., Scene 5.

AUGUST 29th.

Petruchio.—Sunday comes apace :
We will have rings and things, and fine array ;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

Fabien dei Franchi.—No—not Louis, but Fabien—Fabien, his brother. Not the spectre of your victim, but one more terrible, more implacable. I am Fabien dei Franchi, come from the wilds of Corsica to demand of you—Where is my brother?

The Corsican Brothers, Act iii.





AUGUST 30th.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— Thou jewel, reputation !
Let me secure thee, bright and spotless, now ;
And this weak, careworn body's dissolution,
Will cheaply pay the purchase !

The Iron Chest, Act iii., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—Why, then, 'tis none to you ; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so : to me it is a prison.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

AUGUST 31st.

Othello.—Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bid me tell it ;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
And hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach.

Othello, Act i., Scene 2.

SEPTEMBER 1st.

Gloucester.—These eyes could ne'er endure sweet beauty's wreck ;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
.So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 2.

Melnotte.— O conscience ! conscience !
It must not be ;—her love hath grown a torture
Worse than her hate.

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.





SEPTEMBER 2nd.

Joseph Surface.—To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

The School for Scandal, Act i., Scene 1.

Othello.— O, now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

SEPTEMBER 3rd.

Dorlcourt.—Were the Medicean Venus changed to marble,
and animated for me, and with a vulgar soul,—as she awoke to life,
I should become the statue.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act ii., Scene 1.

Gloucester.—I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night :

King Richard III., Act ii., Scene 1.

SEPTEMBER 4th.

Othello.— O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpet,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.



SEPTEMBER 5th.

Petruchio.—Say that she rail ; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say that she frown ; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— Anguish gnaws me :
Mountains of shame are piled upon me ! Me !
Who have made Fame my idol.

The Iron Chest, Act i., Scene 3.

SEPTEMBER 6th.

Melnotte.—You envy me—I thank you—you may read
My joy upon my brow—I thank you, sir !
If hearts had audible language, you would hear
What mine would answer, when you talk of *envy* !

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

Gloucester.—Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But that his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 3.

SEPTEMBER 7th.

Ferment.—A man of penetration and talents.

The School of Reform, Act ii., Scene 1.

Philip.—Night and day, for nine long years, it has weighed me down ;—in the wild prairie—in the busy world—the thought of my dead brother's face has risen up and stabbed me. Vain, vain to think, that he was worthless, dissolute—I sent that soul with all its sins—where ? Ay, where ? Infants know as much as do the sages.

Philip, Act iii., Scene 1.



SEPTEMBER 8th.

Romeo.—Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling ;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 4.

Digby Grant.—You have got into difficulties—don't be down-hearted ! A man can be cheerful even deep in debt.

Two Roses, Act i.

Hamlet.—There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark—
But he's an arrant knave.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

SEPTEMBER 9th.

Othello.—When light-wing'd toys
Of feathered Cupid seal with wanton dulness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation !

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

Doricourt.—Ah ! à la mode anglaise, a philosopher—even in
love.

• *The Belle's Stratagem*, Act i., Scene 3.

SEPTEMBER 10th.

Melnotte.—If thou wouldst have me paint
The home, to which, could love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee, listen ! A deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world ;
Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold,
And whispering myrtles ; glassing softest skies,
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate !

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.



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SEPTEMBER 11th.

MR. IRVING first appeared at the LYCEUM THEATRE, 1871, (as LANDRY).

Eugene Aram.—I know not what it was, but things went wrong.
She knew him shallowly—she knew me well.
He brought her straws, smiles, jests, and fulsomeness,—
I—wealth more than the Eastern Kings could buy,
All the deep tender passion of my youth !
Nay, love, remember this was long ago.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act iii.

Iago.—Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

SEPTEMBER 12th.

Hamlet.—O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

Richelieu.—

Moralists

Say, Hope is sweeter than Possession !

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 2.

SEPTEMBER 13th.

Philip.—Perhaps your standard is too high for any human excellence to reach. Ah ! I feel now, how great was my presumption in the old days, to think that you would care for me.

Philip, Act ii., Scene 1.

Richelieu.—Let us own it :—there is ONE above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world,
Even better than prime ministers.

Richelieu, Act v., Scene 2.

SEPTEMBER 14th.

Othello.— I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop : but, O, vain boast !
'Tis not so now.

Othello, Act v., Scene 2.

Digby Grant.—Ya-as, I have held out my hand to the lowly—I
have held out my hand to you.

Two Roses, Act ii.

SEPTEMBER 15th.

Romeo.—Here will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 3.

Harry Dornton.—I hate whining. Repentance is a pitiful
scoundrel, that never brought back a single yesterday ; amendment
is a fellow of more mettle.

The Road to Ruin, Act iii., Scene 2.

SEPTEMBER 16th.

Benedick.—O, she misused me past the endurance of a block !
An oak with but one green leaf on it would have answered her.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., Scene 1.

Shylock.—Loss upon loss ! . . . no satisfaction, no revenge :
nor no ill-luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs,
but o' my breathing ; no tears, but of my shedding.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iii., Scene 2.



SEPTEMBER 17th.

Melnotte.—From my first years my soul was fill'd with thee :
I saw thee midst the flow'rs the lowly boy
Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

Romeo.—He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 1.

SEPTEMBER 18th.

MR. IRVING first played FABIEN and LOUIS DEI FRANCHI (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1880).

Fabien dei Franchi.—Louis and I are twins. There is a strange, mysterious sympathy between us—no matter what space divides us, we are still one in body, in feeling, in soul. Any powerful impression which the one experiences, is instantly conveyed, by some invisible agency, to the senses of the other.

The Corsican Brothers, Act ii.

Louis dei Franchi.—This love first dawned in Corsica. A breeze as soft and balmy as the odour of our orange groves, wafted it towards my heart : a rude tempest has torn it from me.

The Corsican Brothers, Act ii.

SEPTEMBER 19th.

Macbeth.—After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Macbeth, Act iii., Scene 2.

Iago.—Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.



SEPTEMBER 20th.

Charles Surface.—My distresses are so many that I can't afford to part with my spirits ; but I shall be rich and splenetic all in good time.

The School for Scandal, Act iv., Scene 1.

Romeo.—I dreamt my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think);
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an emperor.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

SEPTEMBER 21st.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— Well, well—wither !
Perish this frail and fickle frame !—this clay,
That in its dross-like compound doth contain
The mind's pure ore and essence.

The Iron Chest, Act i., Scene 3.

King Richard III.—What is done cannot be now amended :
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.

King Richard III, Act iv., Scene 4.

SEPTEMBER 22nd.

Benedick.—Well—everyone can master a grief but he that has it.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii., Scene 1.

Charles I.— A secret in a woman's breast
Is like a thistle on a windy day,
Which wafts off many couriers of down,
Till all the flower, in hints, is filched away.
I knew a woman once who kept a secret.

Charles I, Act i.



SEPTEMBER 23rd.

Iago.—Since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—This is her image—painted from memory. Oh, how the canvas wrongs her ! I shall never be a painter. I can paint no likeness but one, and that is above all art.

The Lady of Lyons, Act i., Scene 3.

SEPTEMBER 24th.

MR. IRVING made his First Appearance in London (PRINCESS'S THEATRE, 1859).

It seemed no summer cloud of passing woe
Could fling its shadow on so fair a show—
It seemed the gallant forms that feasted there
Were all too grand for woe, too great for care :—
Whence came the anxious eye, the altered tone,
The dull presentiment no heart would own,
That ever changed the smiling to a sigh
Sudden as sea-bird flashing from the sky ?

The Feast of Belshazzar.

SEPTEMBER 25th.

MR. IRVING first played MACBETH (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1875).

Macbeth.—Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. . . . A fourth ! start, eyes !
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
Another yet ! A seventh ! I'll see no more :
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more. . . . Horrible sight !

Macbeth, Act iv., Scene 1.



SEPTEMBER 26th.

Melnotte.—Thine eyes would call up smiles in deserts, fair one.
The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 1.

Romeo.—I do protest, I never injured thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 1.

Richelieu.— All time my foe,
If I, a Priest, could cast this holy Sorrow
Forth from her last asylum !

Richelieu, Act iv., Scene 1.

SEPTEMBER 27th.

MR. IRVING first played RICHELIEU, 1873, and SIR E. MORTIMER, 1879
(LYCEUM THEATRE).

Richelieu.— Fail,—fail ?
In the lexicon of youth which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—fail ! Never say "Fail" again.

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 2.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— Oh ! that mind !
That mind of man ! that godlike spring of action !
That source whence learning, virtue, honour flow !
Which lifts us to the stars. *The Iron Chest*, Act i., Scene 3.

SEPTEMBER 28th.

MR. IRVING first played CHARLES I. (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1872).

Charles I.—O my loved solace on my thorny road :
Sweet clue in all my labyrinth of sorrow,
To thee I do consign my memory.
O, keep my place in thine for ever green,
All hung with the immortelles of thy love ;
That sweet abiding in thine inner thoughts,
I long for more than sculptured monuments,
Or proudest record 'mong the tombs of Kings.

REMEMBER !

Charles I, Act iv.



MR. IRVING AS CHARLES I.

KING CHARLES I.—“The King must cheer his followers' sinking hearts
Though without cheer himself.”

Charles I., Act ii.

To face page 188.

SEPTEMBER 29th.

MR. IRVING first appeared on the Stage (LYCEUM THEATRE, SUNDERLAND, 1856) as ORLEANS in "RICHELIEU."

Vanderdecken.— The sound of life once more,
Of human voices and of laughter. Laughter
Upon these ears which echoed drowning cries,
A peaceful home to eyes grown wild with wreck.
Long in a dream trance, the hope which
Only feeds the worm despair, blossoms again.
The ray of light that's yonder,
Comes like a kindly hand.

Vanderdecken, Act ii., Scene 1.

SEPTEMBER 30th.

Hamlet.—Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 1.

Romeo.—My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

OCTOBER 1st.

Macbeth.— My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

Macbeth, Act v., Scene 3.

Richelieu.— A subject's luxury !
Yet if you must love something, Sire—love me !

Richelieu, Act v., Scene 2.

OCTOBER 2nd.

Bob Gassitt.—I wonder what makes me think so much of her? I never did of any other girl.

Dearer than Life, Act ii.

Romeo.— O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

Melnotte.— "Tis past, forget it.
I am prepared; life has no further ills.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 1.

OCTOBER 3rd.

Petruchio.—I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And when two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

Chevenix.—The cleverest of men must sometimes make mistakes.

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act iii.

OCTOBER 4th.

Hamlet.—There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 3.

Benedick.—I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates himself to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., Scene 3.



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OCTOBER 5th.

Romeo.—This day's black fate on more days doth depend,
This but begins the woe others must end.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 1

Count Tristan.— If now I died
At least I've looked on Beauty face to face ;
I've touched her peerless hand and felt her breath
Upon my cheek—the spell upon my heart.
[Suddenly] Ay, let's away, and shun this witchery.

Iolanthe.

OCTOBER 6th.

MR. IRVING first played DORICOURT (ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, 1866).

Doricourt.—Pho ! thou hast no taste ; English beauty ! 'Tis insipidity ; it wants the zest, it wants poignancy. . . Why, I have known a Frenchwoman, indebted to nature for no one thing but a pair of decent eyes, reckon in her suite as many counts, marquises, and *petits maîtres*, as would satisfy three dozen of our first-rate toasts.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 3.

OCTOBER 7th.

Iago.—He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down ;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

Benedick.—Come, come, we are friends : let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our hearts.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 4.

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OCTOBER 8th.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— Draw me a man,
Struggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,
Dead ages since, and the historian
Decking his memory in polish'd phrase,
And I can follow him through every turn,
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,
Until the thick pulsation of my heart
Wakes me.

The Iron Chest, Act i., Scene 3.

OCTOBER 9th.

Romeo.— Eyes, look your last!—
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O! you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss.
Here's to my love! O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 3.

Digby Grant.—Mrs. Cupps, you cannot be expected to understand the feelings of a gentleman.

Two Roses, Act i.

OCTOBER 10th.

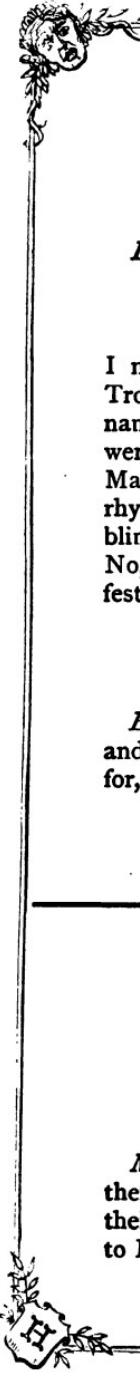
Hamlet.—A dream itself is but a shadow.

Hamlet, Act ii., Scene 2.

Synorix.— O thou, whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
And sway the long grape bunches of our vines,
And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust
Of plenty, make me happy in my marriage.

The Cup, Act ii.





OCTOBER 11th.

MR. IRVING first played BENEDICK (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1882).

Benedick (singing).— The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing ; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love : Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme ; I have tried ; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme ; for *school, fool*, a babbling rhyme ; for *scorn, horn*, a hard rhyme ; very ominous endings : No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 2.

Benedick.—It is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart ; for, truly, I love none.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., Scene 1.

OCTOBER 12th.

Othello.—He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.

Othello, Act iv., Scene 1.

Melnotte.—Do the stars think of us ? Yet if the prisoner see them shine in his dungeon, wouldest thou bid him turn away from their lustre ? Even so, from this low cell, poverty, I lift my eyes to Pauline, and forget my chains.

The Lady of Lyons, Act i., Scene 5.



OCTOBER 13th.

Joseph Surface.—Whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

The School for Scandal, Act i., Scene 1.

Louis XI.— Ay, ay,—I know,—I know
How much a royal son can do against
A king—I was a Dauphin once !

Louis XI, Act ii.

OCTOBER 14th.

Macbeth.— Better be with the dead,
. . . . Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

Macbeth, Act iii., Scene 3.

Richelieu.— Go, my children ;
Even I loved once ! Be lovers while ye may !
How is it with you, Sir ? You bear it bravely :
You know, “it asks the courage of a lion” !

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

OCTOBER 15th.

De Neuville.—Falsehood never sat on that pure and open brow.
Treason never lurked in the depth of that clear eye.
Poison never seethed in the honey of these lips.

Plot and Passion, Act iii.

Hamlet.—O heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.



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OCTOBER 16th.

Harry Dornton.—You have not acquired your character in the world for nothing.

The Road to Ruin, Act ii., Scene 1.

Romeo.— She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit ;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
O, she is rich in beauty.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 1.

OCTOBER 17th.

Iago.—There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Digby Grant.—Thank heaven ! I will now no longer be under obligations to anybody. The public acknowledge wealth, the government acknowledge influence. By a skilful selection of politics I may yet see my white hairs under a coronet.

Two Roses, Act i.

OCTOBER 18th.

Sir Edward Mortimer.—When castigating plagues are hurled on man,
Stands lean and lynx-eyed Curiosity,
Watching his neighbour's soul. Sleepless himself,
To banish sleep from others.

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 2.

Othello.—Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul.
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.



OCTOBER 19th.

King Richard III.—I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys : none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.

King Richard III., Act iv., Scene 2.

Melnotte.—Ah ! the same love that tempts us into sin,
If it be true love, works out its redemption !
And he who seeks repentance for the Past
Should woo the Angel Virtue in the future.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 2.

OCTOBER 20th.

Richelieu.—You're made to rise ! You are, Sir ; eyes of lynx,
Ears of the stag,
You are a valiant fellow,—yea, a trusty,
Religious, exemplary, incorrupt,
And precious jewel of a fellow.

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 2.

Romeo.—Farewell, I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 5.

OCTOBER 21st.

Dorlcourt.—Englishmen make the best soldiers, citizens, artisans,
and philosophers in the world, but the very worst footmen.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 2.

Hamlet.—My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : would the night were come !
Till then, sit still, my soul : foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 2.



OCTOBER 22nd.

Iago.—I of whom his eyes had seen the proof, . . .
Must be beleev'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor : this counter-caster,
He in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark !—his Moorship's ancient !

Othello, Act i., Scene 1.

Benedick.—Suffer love ! a good epithet ! I do suffer love indeed,
for I love thee against my will.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 2.

OCTOBER 23rd.

MR. IRVING first played JINGLE (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1871).

Jingle.—Conquests ! Thousands. Don Bolero Fizzgig—Grandee—only daughter—Donna Christina—splendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach-pump in my portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolero in ecstacies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very.

Jingle, Act ii.

OCTOBER 24th.

Harry Dornton.—Love, they say, cannot be resisted.
The Road to Ruin, Act ii., Scene 1.

Romeo.—Ah, Juliet ! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold th' imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 6.





OCTOBER 25th.

Hamlet.—Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ;
but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may
say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a
temperance that may give it smoothness.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

Eugene Aram.—Look at my hollow cheek,—no school girl's
secret
Has left these shadows there.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act iii.

OCTOBER 26th.

Othello.—I do but say what she is an admirable musician.
Othello, Act iv., Scene 1.

Digby Grant.—You know I would do anything to oblige my
friends.

Two Roses, Act i.

Hamlet.—One that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

OCTOBER 27th.

Shylock.—Out upon her ! Thou tortur'est me, Tubal : it was my
turquoise ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor : I would not
have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iii., Scene 1.

Richelieu.—For this soldier,—
France hath none braver,—and his youth's folly
Is long since cancelled by a loyal manhood.

Richelieu, Act iv., Scene 1.

OCTOBER 28th.

Othello.—But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.

Othello, Act i., Scene 2.

Modus.—The tale is all a forgery !
From first to last ne'er spoke I
To proctor's daughter while I was at college.

The Hunchback, Act iv., Scene 1.

OCTOBER 29th.

Romeo.—Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—death :
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death : do not say—banishment.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—She will never know how deeply she was loved.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 1.

Iago.—And what's he then that says I play the villain ?

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

OCTOBER 30th.

Richelieu.—Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.
Remember my grand maxims :—First employ
All methods to conciliate. . . . Failing these—
All means to crush ; as, with the opening and
The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

Romeo.—In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 1.



Handwriting practice lines consisting of three horizontal lines per row: a solid top line, a dashed midline, and a dotted bottom line, intended for practicing letter formation.

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OCTOBER 31st.

MR. IRVING first played HAMLET in LONDON (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1874).

Hamlet.— Remember thee !
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
All sows of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandment all alone shall live,
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter : yes, by heaven !

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

NOVEMBER 1st.

MR. IRVING first played SHYLOCK (LYCEUM THEATRE, 1879).

Shylock.—You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that :
But say it is my humour ; Is it answered ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ? Now, for your answer :
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless, necessary cat ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

Mr. Irving on that occasion said—

“ I assure you that this is the happiest moment of my life ”

And again, in the words of Bolingbroke—

“ I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.”

King Richard II., Act ii., Scene 3.



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NOVEMBER 2nd.

Richelieu.—See, my liege,—see thro' plots and counterplots—
Thro' gain and loss—thro' glory and disgrace—
Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on !

Richelieu, Act v., Scene 2.

Charles I..—I had not half a welcome from the bairns—
I missed the sweetest welcome of them all.

Charles I., Act i.

NOVEMBER 3rd.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— Trust me, dear friend,
If admiration of thy charity
May argue charity in the admirer,
I am not destitute.

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 2.

Gloucester.—So dear I loved the man that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian.

King Richard III., Act iii., Scene 4.

NOVEMBER 4th.

Romeo.—Plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
But when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 3.

Dorlcourt.—Pho ! Never moralise without spectacles.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act i., Scene 3.



NOVEMBER 5th.

Hamlet.—To be or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.

Othello.—I cannot speak enough of this content ;
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 1.

NOVEMBER 6th.

Macbeth.—The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Macbeth, Act v., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—Thy memory, at least, must be mine till death ! If I live, the name of him thou hast once loved shall not rest dishonoured ;—if I fall, amidst the carnage and the roar of battle, my soul will fly back to thee, and love shall share with death my last sigh !

The Lady of Lyons, Act iv., Scene 1.

NOVEMBER 7th.

Dorlcourt.—Like a good design spoiled by the incapacity of the artist, her faults are evidently the result of her father's weak indulgence. I observed an expression in her eye incongruous with the folly of her lips.

The Belle's Stratagem, Act ii., Scene 2.

Philip.—In the heart of so stern a moralist is no room for pity.

Philip, Act iii., Scene 1.



NOVEMBER 8th.

MR. IRVING opened the PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTE'S SESSION at EDINBURGH, by DELIVERING A LECTURE on "THE STAGE AS IT IS,"
1881.

Mr. Irving.—The theatre, as a whole, is never below the average moral sense of the time. . . . The stage is now the property of the educated people. . . . I do not mince the matter as to my personal position here, because I feel it is a representative one, and marks an epoch in the estimation in which the art I love is held by the British world. . . . No apology for the stage. None is needed. It has but to be named to be honoured. . . . It is now seen to be an elevating instead of a lowering influence on national morality. . . . How noble the privilege to work upon the finer—the finest—feelings of universal humanity! How engrossing the fascination of those thousands of steady eyes, and sound sympathies, and beating hearts which an actor confronts, with the confidence of friendship and co-operation, as he steps upon the stage to work out in action, his long-pent comprehension of a noble masterpiece! How rapturous the satisfaction of abandoning himself, in such a presence and with such sympathisers, to his author's grandest flights of thought and noblest bursts of emotional inspiration!

Extracts from "The Stage As It Is."

NOVEMBER 9th.

MR. IRVING first played RAWDON SCUDAMORE in LONDON (ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, 1866).

Rawdon Scudamore.—I am in love—ay, like a madman—a wolf,—a fool—all three in turn. . . . I craved to see her. They told me she was dying of brain fever. . . . and then I knew I loved her. She recovered slowly. I did not. I got worse. Then I wrote to her. She refused to see me. I insisted. She left town. I have written to her address in the country, for see her I will, come what may.
Hunted Down, Act ii.

King Richard III.—Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.
King Richard III., Act v., Scene 3.





NOVEMBER 10th.

Melnotte.—You like this ring? Ah, it has, indeed, a lustre since your eyes have shone on it. Henceforth hold me, sweet enchantress, the Slave of the Ring.

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

Macbeth.—Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. .

Macbeth, Act ii., Scene 2.

NOVEMBER 11th.

Richelieu.— Rivals, Sire, in what ?
Service to France? *I have none!* Lives the man
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems
Rival to Armand Richelieu?

Richelieu, Act iv., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—To what base uses we may return, Horatio !
Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of
Alexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole?

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 1.

NOVEMBER 12th.

Othello.— I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For other's uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones ;
Prerogatives are they less than the base.

Othello, Act iii., Scene 3.

Melnotte.—Worth : What Is a riband worth to a soldier?
Worth everything ! Glory is priceless !

The Lady of Lyons, Act i., Scene 3.

NOVEMBER 13th.

Benedick.—One woman is fair, yet I am well ; another is wise, yet I am well ; another virtuous, yet I am well ; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous and fair, or I'll never look on her ; mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair—Ah !—her hair,—her hair shall be of what colour it please God.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., Scene 3.

NOVEMBER 14th.

Synorix.—She will be glad enough to wear my crown,
And I will make Galatia prosperous, too,
And we will chirp among our vines, and smile
At bygone things, till that eternal peace.

The Cup, Act i., Scene 3.

Othello.— I must be found :
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly.

Othello, Act i., Scene 2.

NOVEMBER 15th.

Melnotte.—A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,

While the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth
I' the midst of roses !—Dost thou like the picture ?

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.



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NOVEMBER 16th.

Hamlet.—Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 2.

Benedick.—They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beatrice.—They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Benedick.—'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me ?
Beatrice.—No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 4.

NOVEMBER 17th.

Iago.—Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving : you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.

Othello, Act ii., Scene 3.

Othello.—It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !

Othello, Act ii., Scene 1.

NOVEMBER 18th.

Young Marlow.—A very impudent fellow this ! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little.

She Stoops to Conquer, Act ii.

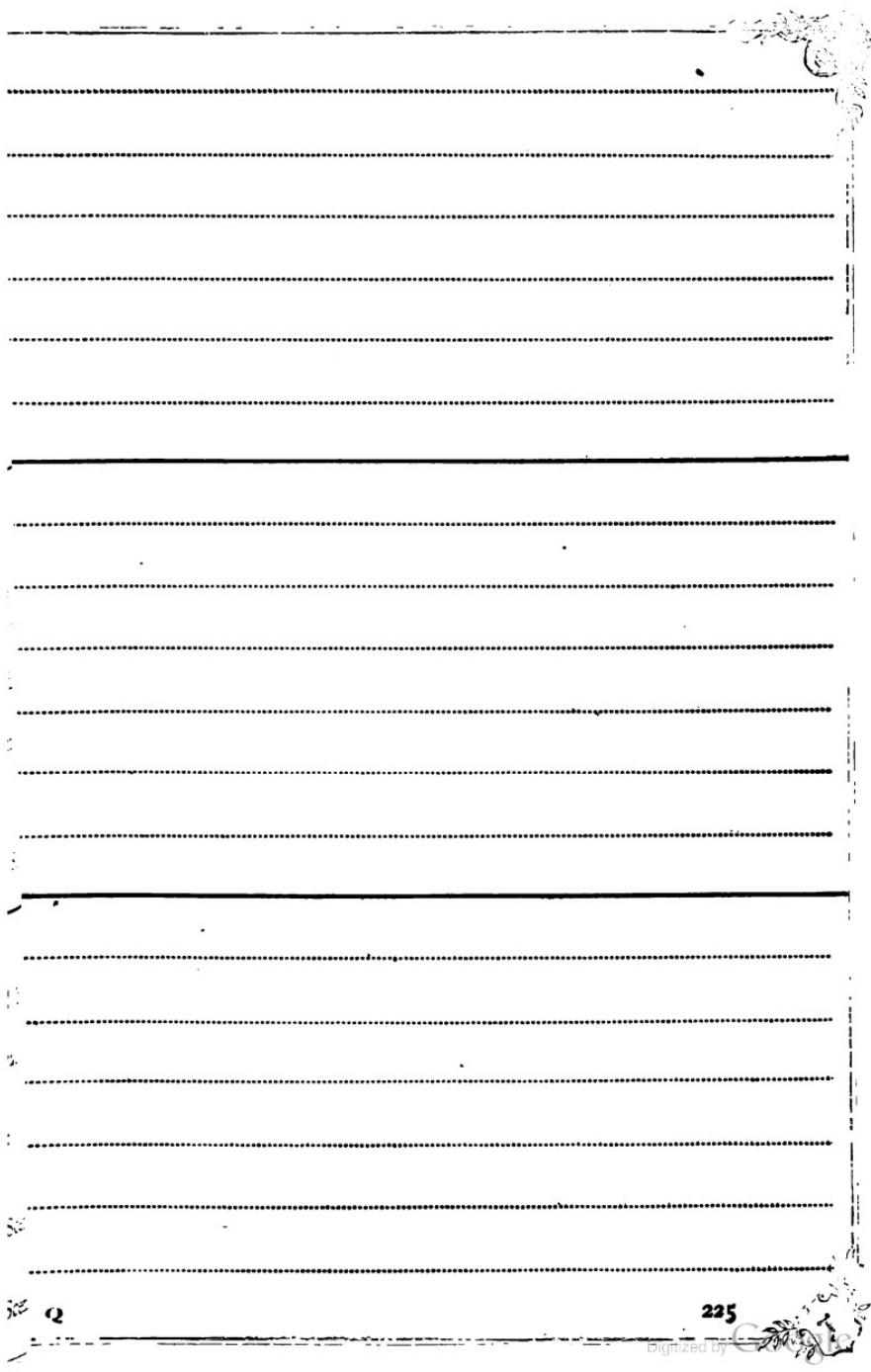
Gloucester.— The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 3.

Macbeth.—The labour we delight in physics pain.

Macbeth, Act ii., Scene 3.





NOVEMBER 19th.

MR. IRVING and MR. TOOLE READ and RECITED at EDINBURGH for
the Sufferers by the Failure of the "City of Glasgow" Bank. 1878.

There cometh forth a hand,—upon the stone,
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown ;
Fingers like mortal fingers—leaving there
The blank wall flashing characters of fear ;—
And still it glideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow—
Now the scroll endeth—now the seal is set—
The hand is gone—the record tarries yet.

The Feast of Belshazzar.

NOVEMBER 20th.

MR. IRVING first played MATHIAS (1871), and READ and RECITED at
GLASGOW for the Sufferers by the "City Bank" Failure (1878).

Mathias.—Oh ! what a power it is to know how to guide your
destiny in life. You must hold good cards in your hands, as I have
done, and if you play them well you may defy ill-fortune

Mathias.—To-night I triumph.

The Bells, Act iii.

The waiter burst into tears. I was very much concerned for his
misfortunes . . . Therefore I gave him one of my three bright
shillings.

Copperfield and the Waiter.

NOVEMBER 21st.

Macbeth.—Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air :
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

Macbeth, Act iii., Scene 3.

Philip.—You do mistake. I am not one to change ;
I never loved you more.

Queen Mary, Act v., Scene 1.

NOVEMBER 22nd.

Sir E. Mortimer.—Honour, thou blood-stained god ! at whose
red altar
Sit war and homicide, Oh, to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries !

The Iron Chest, Act ii., Scene 4.

Petruchio.—Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp ?
O slanderous world ! Kate like the hazel-twigs
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act ii., Scene 1.

NOVEMBER 23rd.

Melnotte.—Wealth ! wealth, my mother ! Wealth to the mind—
wealth to the heart—high thoughts—bright dreams—the hope of
fame—the ambition to be worthier to love Pauline.

The Lady of Lyons, Act i., Scene 3.

Iago.—If thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater
reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and
valour—show it.

Othello, Act iv., Scene 2.

NOVEMBER 24th.

Redburn.—I am tired of the town beauties, with their faded
cheeks and artificial bloom.

The Lancashire Lass, Prologue.

Romeo.—Soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.



NOVEMBER 25th.

Gloucester.— Great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 3.

Eugene Aram.—I loved another woman long ago
And staked my soul for her
I loved her till I looked out on the world
As a sick dream, and all my old delights
Decayed and dropped away.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act iii.

NOVEMBER 26th.

Benedick.—Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act i., Scene 1.

Joseph Surface.—The man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

The School for Scandal, Act iv., Scene 3.

NOVEMBER 27th.

Romeo.—I am too sore empierced with Cupid's shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 4.

Shylock.—Thou stick'st a dagger in me :—I shall never see my gold again.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iii., Scene 1.

No lack of goodly company was there,
No lack of laughing eyes to light the cheer.

The Feast of Belshazzar.



NOVEMBER 28th.

Melnotte.—Others ! The world is crumbled at my feet.
She was my world ; fill'd up the whole of being—
Smiled in the sunshine—walk'd the glorious earth—
Sate in my heart—was the sweet life of life.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scène 1.

King Richard III.—I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

King Richard III, Act v., Scene 4.

NOVEMBER 29th.

Hamlet.—O heavens ! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year : but by'r lady, he must build churches then !

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

Benedick.—Here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 4.

NOVEMBER 30th.

Melnotte.— This love—
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope ;
Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes !
Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded not ;
But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

DECEMBER 1st.

King Richard III.—Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

King Richard III., Act iv., Scene 4.

Count Tristan.—Oh ! what a matchless beauty ! what a form !
What gracious gentleness in every feature !
And her sweet voice !

Iolanthe.

Gloucester.—I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words,
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 2.

DECEMBER 2nd.

Hamlet.—Conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.

Bob Gassitt.—There's a girl to wear round your heart !

Dearer than Life, Act i.

DECEMBER 3rd.

Eugene Aram.—She loves the simplest flowers—I'll pick them
for her ;
The garden cowslip, filled brimful with scent,
A little rosebud opening tender lips
As if they'd burst into a song of perfume,
But not so sweet as that old song of Ruth's.
. . . . She loves me—loves me !
Yes, I am loved by innocence.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act i., Scene 1.

Dubosc.—You're the bravest man in France.

The Lyons Mail, Act iii., Scene 1.

DECEMBER 4th.

Romeo.—When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !
One fairer than my love ! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 2.

Harry Dornton.—Round let the great globe whirl ! and whirl it
will, though I should happen to slide from its surface into infinite
nothingness.

The Road to Ruin, Act iv., Scene 2.

DECEMBER 5th.

Melnotte.—You can be proud of your connection with one who
owes his position to merit,—not birth.

The Lady of Lyons, Act ii., Scene 1.

Othello.—She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

DECEMBER 6th.

Charles I..—I fear me I may sometime fade from
Lest, when the heart expelleth grey-stoled grief,
That I may bide no longer in thy memory.

Charles I., Act iv.

Macbeth.— I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 7.

DECEMBER 7th.

Petruchio.—We'll revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things ;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., Scene 3.

King Richard III.—I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.

King Richard III, Act v., Scene 3.

DECEMBER 8th.

Hamlet.— Hold, hold, my heart ;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee !
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

Mathias.—There is one advantage about the cold. It gives you
a good appetite.

The Bells, Act i.

DECEMBER 9th.

Richelieu.— France ! I love thee !
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart !
My mistress—France,—my wedded wife,—sweet France,
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me !

Richelieu, Act i., Scene 2.

Romeo.— Her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii., Scene 2.

DECEMBER 10th.

Philip.—You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman. She is none of those who loathe the honeycomb.

Queen Mary, Act iv., Scene 1.

Iago.—Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners ; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop or weed up thyme, . . . why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

Othello, Act i., Scene 3.

DECEMBER 11th.

Shylock.—Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

Jingle.—Unhappy ? Your love bestowed upon a man who is insensible to the blessing—who even now contemplates—but no ; he is my friend ; I will not expose his vices—Miss Wardle—farewell !

Jingle, Act i.

DECEMBER 12th.

Romeo.— My mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels :
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail !

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 4.

Mathias.—Ah ! it is pleasant to hear the sound of gold !

The Bells, Act ii.



Handwriting practice lines consisting of three solid top and bottom lines with a dashed midline between them, repeated vertically down the page.



DECEMBER 13th.

MR. IRVING first played CHEVENIX (QUEEN'S THEATRE, 1869).

Chevenix.—I don't wish to mince words with you. In one word, I wish to marry that girl, and I will place her on the level with the highest. Ask anyone in Dorsetshire what they think of Reginald Chevenix, and they will all speak of his wealth, his old family, his high position, his great influence, and his unblemished name. I am so placed that I need not fear that any inquiries will ever be made upon the antecedents or pre-nuptial relations of the woman of my choice.

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act i.

DECEMBER 14th.

Vanderdecken.—Your fate ne'er lay with his. A glorious pearl in a dull setting. A mountain antelope subdued to bear a burden on a dusty highway. Expel him from thy heart.

Vanderdecken, Act iii., Scene 1.

Charles I..—The guiding star of thy true love for me,
Is good to steer by.

Charles I., Act i.

DECEMBER 15th.

Melnotte.—I was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate ;
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

Romeo.—Is the day so young? Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Romeo and Juliet, Act i., Scene 1.



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DECEMBER 16th.

Joseph Surface.—He that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

School for Scandal, Act v., Scene 1.

Macbeth.—I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 7.

DECEMBER 17th.

Richelieu.—True ;—true ;—my leeches bribed to poisoners ;—
To strangle me in sleep :—My very King [pages
(This brain the unresting loom, from which was woven
The purple of his greatness) leagued against me.
Old—childless—friendless—broken—all forsake—
All—all—but— The indomitable heart
Of Armand Richelieu !

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 2.

Othello.—Who can control his fate ?

Othello, Act v., Scene 2.

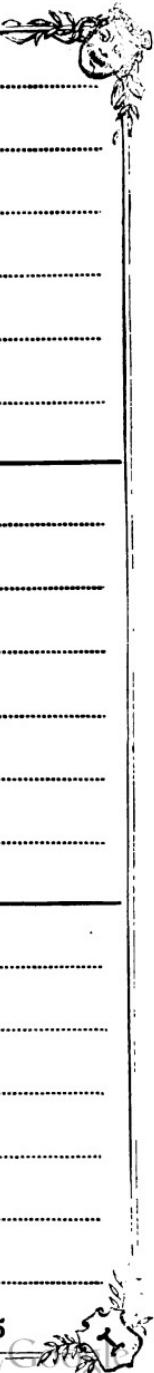
DECEMBER 18th.

Melnotte.—The past was hers ; I dreamt not of a Future
That did not wear her shape ! Mem'ry and Hope
Alike are gone.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v., Scene 1.

Vanderdecken.—I catch a ring of pity in your tone—infinite pity
—just as strange to me as this flower's perfume to my sense, long
used to bilge and brine.

Vanderdecken, Act ii., Scene 2.



DECEMBER 19th.

King Richard III.—I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

King Richard III., Act iv., Scene 4.

Sir Edward Mortimer.— That Fame's sole fountain !
That doth transmit a fair and spotless name,
. . . . Give me that !
Oh ! give me but to live, in after age,
Remembered and unsullied !

The Iron Chest, Act i., Scene 3.

DECEMBER 20th.

Hamlet.— Blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

Benedick.—They seem to pity the lady ; it seems, her affections
have their full bent. Love me ! why, it must be requited.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., Scene 3.

DECEMBER 21st.

Macbeth.— In his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd ; 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety.

Macbeth, Act iii., Scene 1.

Richelieu.— Bah ! in policy
We foil gigantic dangers, not by giants,
But dwarfs.—The statues of our stately fortunes
Are sculptured by the chisel—not the axe.

Richelieu, Act ii., Scene 2.





DECEMBER 22nd.

Hamlet.—I loved Ophelia : forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

Hamlet, Act v., Scene 1.

Joseph Surface.—The heart that is conscious of its own integrity
is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

School for Scandal, Act iv., Scene 3.

Benedick.—Thou art sad ; get thee a wife.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act v., Scene 4.

DECEMBER 23rd.

Chevenix.—You cannot expect me to mix in the petty discussions
on domestic arrangements ? A man of my position ! Am I to
fritter away my life in the frivolities of home existence ? Pre-pos-
terous !

Uncle Dick's Darling, Act ii.

King Richard III.—I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.

King Richard III, Act iv., Scene 3.

DECEMBER 24th.

Benedick.—They, say the lady is fair ; 'tis a truth I can bear them
witness : and virtuous ;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it ; and wise, but
for loving me :—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit ;—nor no
great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii., Scene 2.

Macbeth.— Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse—
The curtain'd sleep.

Macbeth, Act ii., Scene 1.

DECEMBER 25th.

Shylock.—There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me.

The Merchant of Venice, Act iv., Scene 1.

Melnotte.—For thee I sought to borrow from each grace,
And every muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iii., Scene 2.

DECEMBER 26th.

MR. IRVING opened the LYCEUM SEASON (1881) with "Two ROSES," and
played DIGBY GRANT.

Digby Grant.—Ida, you annoy me very much! I will not be
looked at in that way by you. Wherever I go I am respected as
the representative of a noble and ancient family. When I go into
the House of Commons I am listened to, generally, with respect—
on Wednesdays. Yet when I am in my own house, I am distrusted
by my own children. Ah! it is very affecting to me.

Two Roses, Act iii.

DECEMBER 27th.

Gloucester.—My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.

King Richard III., Act ii., Scene 2.

Richelieu.— Goddess of bright dreams,
My country—shalt thou lose me now, when most
Thou need'st thy worshipper? My native land!
Let me but ward this danger from thy heart,
And die, but on thy bosom.

Richelieu, Act iv., Scene 1.





DECEMBER 28th.

Romeo.— All these woes shall serve
As sweet discourses in our time to come.

Romeo and Juliet, Act iii., Scene 5.

Eugene Aram.— I have lived
A life of purity and winnowed thought.

The Fate of Eugene Aram, Act iii.

Iago.—Demand me nothing, what you know, you know :
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Othello, Act v., Scene 2.

DECEMBER 29th.

Othello.— Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight I should have known it
Without a prompter.

Othello, Act i., Scene 2.

Charles Surface.—There's nothing in the world so noble as a man
of sentiment.

The School for Scandal, Act iv., Scene 3.

Gloucester.—Why, thus it is when men are ruled by women.

King Richard III., Act i., Scene 1.







DECEMBER 30th.

RE-OPENING of the LYCEUM THEATRE under MR. IRVING'S OWN MANAGEMENT (1878). He played HAMLET.

Hamlet.—O'er-step not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.

Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 1.

Hamlet.—With all my love I do commend me to you :
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack.

Hamlet, Act i., Scene 5.

Mr. Irving.—“As long as I have the management of this theatre, I shall never rest while I can do anything to elevate my art or ensure your comfort To produce the Hamlet of to-night, I have worked all my life.”

Extracts from Mr. Irving's Speech on the Occasion.

DECEMBER 31st.

Macbeth.—To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !

Macbeth, Act v., Scene 6.

Melnotte.—What is past is past. There is a future left to all, who have the virtue to repent, and the energy to atone.

The Lady of Lyons, Act iv., Scene 1.





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